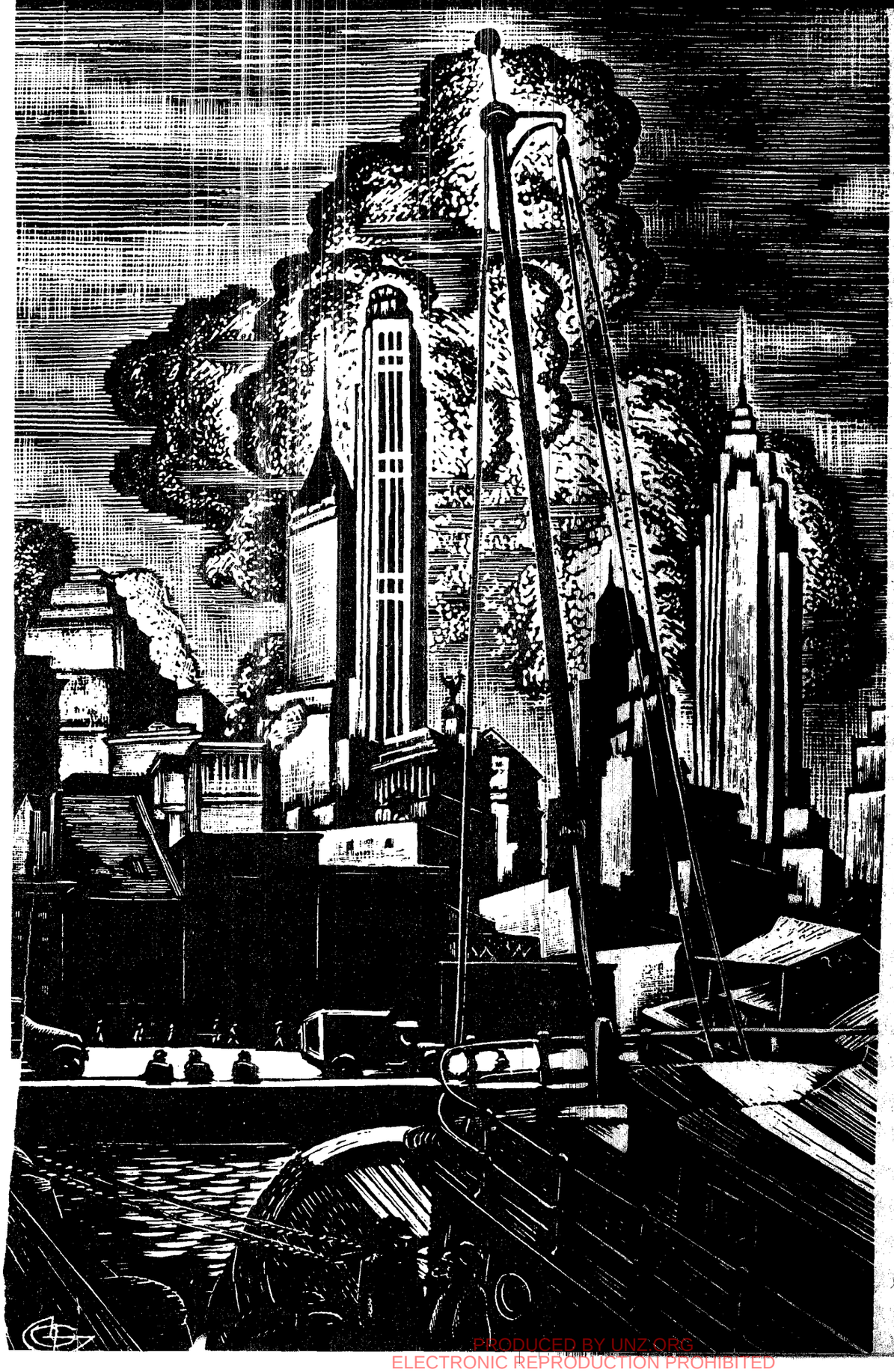
NEW MASSES

OCTOBER 6, 1936 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY



Maurice **BECKER**

Dorothy **CANFIELD**

Groff **CONKLIN**

William F. **DUNNE**

Scott **JOHNSTON**

John **MACKEY**

Harry Thornton **MOORE**

Edward **NEWHOUSE**

Rufus Colfax **PHILLIPS**

Samuel **PUTNAM**

Gardner **REA**

Anna **ROCHESTER**

Bernhard **STERN**

Art **YOUNG**

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

PAYING two bucks for a back copy of the NEW MASSES, as recounted in Harry Thornton Moore's piece in this issue, is not the only annoyance to Colonel Knox for which the fourth estate is responsible. His Chicago *Daily News* publishes Westbrook Pegler's syndicated column, which has recently contained some barbed anti-Knox comment. On those days Colonel Knox's paper omitted Pegler's column, but that didn't do much good. His rival, the Chicago *Times,* printed the Pegler stuff next day, by courtesy of the N. Y. *World-Telegram.*

In support of the striking Salinas lettuce workers, whose struggle is reported by Robert Holmes this week, the Hollywood movie colony has rallied strongly, contributing over $5000 to the strike fund. According to that enterprising show-business journal, *Variety,*

the Screen Actors Guild played a leading part in mobilizing support, and among its members who responded were Brian Aherne, Edward Arnold, Humphrey Bogart, J. Edward Bromberg, James Cagney, Eddie Cantor, Gary Cooper, Melvyn Douglas, James and Lucile Gleason, Boris Karloff, Fred Keating, Fredric March, Herbert Marshall, Robert Montgomery, Jean Muir, Gail Sondergaard, and Lionel Stander.

It was with profound regret that the labor movement heard last week-end of the death of Dr. Frankwood Williams, psychiatrist, staunch friend of the Soviet Union and of progressive forces everywhere. Miss Mary Van Kleeck, Director of Industrial Studies at the Russell Sage Foundation, a close friend of Dr. Williams, will contribute a memoir of him to these pages next week.

The interest in political chain letters aroused by a communication from Mr. Paul Haines (Readers' Forum, Sept. 8) resulted in a request from us that Mr. Haines send a sample of one of his letters for publication. He has done so, but since it runs to five pages of typescript we haven't room to print it. We recommend to interested readers, therefore, Mr. Haines's advice in his accompanying letter: "It seems to me to be the duty of a politically intelligent person to amass his own data and marshal his own arguments. If Lenin is too theoretical, then surely there is ample homely material in the current news. And if the *Daily Worker* seems too radical, there is plenty of anti-Landon fact and logic in the N. Y. *Post.*" Mr. Haines at the same time cautions that the *Post's* ideology is basically capitalistic.

Who's Who

WE ARE glad to welcome three new contributors this week. Dorothy Canfield, one of America's best-known novelists, was the first woman on Vermont's State Board of Education. Her books include *The Bent Twig, The Brimming Cup, Her Son's Wife, The Deepening Stream,* and her most recent novel, *Bonfire.* Groff Conklin, who analyzes the formula of the Ananias of San Simeon, was formerly connected with the Chicago University Press and has contributed to various periodicals, including the *New Republic.* Rufus Colfax Phillips is a native of Virginia and the bright-tobacco belt.

Robert Holmes is a Californian who, with Bruce Minton, was author of the article "Police Photos Vindicate Mooney" in our issue of August 4.

William F. ("Bill") Dunne is a veteran of labor journalism who has been a frequent contributor to this magazine.

Harry Thornton Moore contributed to our anti-fascist quarterly last year. He promises an article in a week or two on the campaign developments in the Middle West, his stamping-ground.

Anna Rochester, of the staff of the Labor Research Association and author of the recent *Rulers of America,* writes, in connection with her review in this issue: "I was tempted to do this quite differently and to inject my own personal and quite irrelevant recollections of a day at Singapore. That was ten years ago. We drove out to a small plantation and went through one of the small second-rate rubber mills—whose stinking chemicals come back to my nostrils as I write! We saw the comfortable homes of well-to-do Chinese with magnificent orchids growing over their garden walls. We saw the native Malays on the dock, working in endless lines, like an ant community, each carrying on his shoulder a bundle of rubber—not large, but looking as far beyond the strength of utterly frail bodies as the corn dutifully hauled by an ant! Their noon meal, eaten in an open shed under the gaze of Dollar Line passengers, was of course only rice."

Bernard J. Stern lectures on sociology at Columbia University and on anthropology at the New School for Social Research in New York. He was one of the editors of the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* and is the author of *Lewis Henry Morgan, Social Evolutionist* and other works.

Franklin Folsom, a Rhodes scholar who has been active in left-wing journalism and has published a book of games, does the Flashbacks which appear weekly in the southeast corner of this page.

Scott Johnston, who has Colonel Knox on hearstback in this issue, and whose work has appeared in *Esquire* and elsewhere, is rapidly gaining recognition as one of America's foremost caricaturists.

Inability to pull his punches gives H. Glintenkamp, who did this week's cover, a special place in our history. Genevieve Taggard tells in her preface to *May Days,* the anthology of *Masses-Liberator* verse, how an anti-war drawing of his barred the *Masses* from the mails in 1917 and started the chain of events which culminated in the trial referred to in this week's Flashbacks.

What's What

ARRESTS for peaceful picketing of the Capitol, Palace, Criterion, and other New York theaters have marked the drive of Local 802, American Federation of Musicians, to bring back "live" entertainment to those houses on the Great White Way that have eliminated it. Such entertainment, the musicians point out, provided employment for actors, musicians, stage hands, electricians, scenic artists, costumers, wigmakers, and others.

Plans for sending a shipload of clothing, blankets, bandages, and foodstuffs to the Spanish government are announced by the Federation of the Spanish People's Front (Federacion de Frente Popular Hispano) in the United States. The Federation itself has appropriated $5,000 as a start. Readers who wish to aid in this effort should communicate direct with the Federation at its headquarters, 59 Henry Street, New York City.

Flashbacks

JUST twelve months ago this week, Sawdust Cæsar outbluffed the League of Nations and sent his mechanized legions across the Ethiopian border near Danikil. Eighteen years ago (October 4, 1918), a jury disagreed for the second time in the trial of the old *Masses* editors for alleged conspiracy to obstruct the war. Early in the legal proceedings Art Young, perennial arts-

conspirator, got bored from within and slept soundly in the courtroom, to the great distress of his attorney, who importuned the cartoonist's neighbor, "For heaven's sake wake that man up and give him a pencil!" And ninety-three years ago (Oct. 5, 1843), Albert, father of Arthur ("Gorilla") Brisbane, founded the *Phalanx,* American organ of the socialist movement founded by Charles Fourier.

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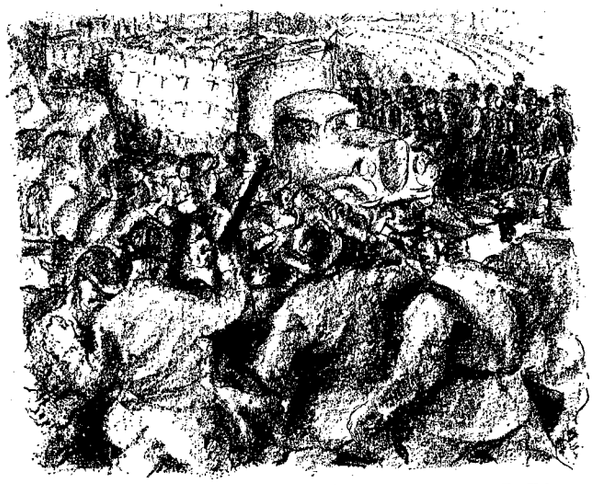

E. Volsung

Lettuce on Fire

Time and a half for overtime, equal pay for equal work, don't sound so revolutionary, but Salinas employers answer these demands with gunfire

By Robert Holmes

EVERY Red-baiting, vigilante, "patriotic," "law-enforcing" agency has moved into the little town of Salinas, Cal. From Los Angeles came Chester Moore, secretary of the Western Association of Grower-Shippers, to act as dictator for the employers. He took over the entire sixth floor of the main hotel. The Associated Farmers, formed after the cotton strike to prevent agricultural labor from organizing, has set up branch headquarters. Cruse Carriel, ex-Hearst reporter and executive secretary of the Citizens' Association, sits at the phone waiting to be called in as an "impartial arbiter," and in the meantime directs movements of the imported armed thugs and scabs. Colonels Homer Oldfield and Henry R. Sanborn hurried into town. Oldfield represents the Intelligence Division of the U.S. Army engaged in investigating subversive activity; Sanborn is the notorious editor of the *American Citizen,* an anti-labor, anti-Red paper published fortnightly in San Francisco. He acts as "coordinator" of all law-enforcement agencies in the three counties surrounding Salinas. Local authorities abdicated to him—or rather, to his masters, William Randolph Hearst and the San Francisco Industrial Association.

They came to Salinas to break a strike. Four thousand lettuce workers, packers and trimmers, members of the A.F. of L. Fruit & Vegetable Workers' Union have been locked out and have answered by presenting demands. California employers don't like organized agricultural workers. They'll do anything to break them up. Once one section organizes, what is to prevent workers in other counties, in other crops, from setting up a union, which means demands for better living conditions, for higher pay, for reasonable hours? The Salinas lettuce strikers are a menace to the big owners all over the state. The latter lose no time rallying their forces.

WHAT happened was this: For two years the Fruit & Vegetable Workers' Union had an agreement with employers. It terminated September 1. Immediately, the Grower-Shipper Association posted placards in all packing sheds which stated that if employees continued work for three days under conditions listed by the employers, a contract would automatically result, binding on union and non-union men alike. The conditions wiped out all gains made during the past years. Furthermore, the employers would not even consider negotiating. What their new stand amounted to was a lockout.

For two weeks, comparative quiet reigned throughout the fertile Salinas Valley. The lettuce was not ready to cut; the early crop was already safely on ice. For two weeks nothing happened, except that employers constructed barbed-wire barricades round the ice plants and packing sheds, and imported strike-breakers and armed thugs at five dollars and ten dollars a day respectively, not to mention food, living quarters, cigarettes, and other comforts. Agents of the Lake Erie Gas Co. and the Federal Laboratories visited town. They did a good business; soon shipments of tear and vomiting gas came in, and a good supply of rifles, shotguns, and ammunition. The head of the State Highway Patrol, Raymond Cato, came down with more than a hundred troopers, ostensibly "to keep the highways open."

The union demands don't look so dangerous on paper, but to an employer in California they spell revolution. First of all, the union asked for preferential hiring: union men to be taken on the job so long as they are available. The employers scream "union domination." That's what they've been saying for two years now on the San Francisco waterfront. The truth is, as the union grows strong it can force other concessions. That is the owners' big worry.

The union has other demands. It asks for equal pay for men and women. Heretofore, women have performed the same work as men and have received a lower wage. Also, the union wants time and a half for overtime above eight hours, and on Sundays and holidays. Before the strike, workers stayed in the fields thirteen hours a day, every day, and their pay averaged eight or nine dollars a week. And the union insists that members have the right to refuse to pass through picket lines, and above all, that the union be recognized as the collective-bargaining agent for all shed workers, union or non-union.

On September 15 the employers were ready. The storm broke. The grower-shippers drove lettuce-laden trucks toward the packing plants;

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the picket line held fast and stopped the shipments. Then the police and Cato's highway police moved in. They laid down a gas attack that would do credit to any army. They beat and they shot at the fleeing workers, whether they were men or women. They managed to gas children playing on the streets. When the attack was reported truthfully in several San Francisco newspapers, the reporter's life was threatened by employers' thugs.

But gassing and violence doesn't necessarily break a strike. And so the police, under orders from the employers, went further. They arrested over sixty workers, many on no charges, and held them incommunicado. A picket standing alone on a street corner was pounced upon, thrown into jail, and held there —for rioting. Another worker, Granville Bell, signed an affidavit that he had been "taken for a ride by four highway patrol men, beaten up, and thrown out on the highway." Local doctors, many fearful of the vigilantes, refused to give medical aid to strikers. Nor could workers buy medicines or bandages in many drug stores.

Life inside the barricades is hardly pleasant. Armed guards patrol the enclosure. A man who tries to leave is kept on the job at the point of a gun. Filipino field workers attempted to walk out in support of the strike. They were "persuaded" to stay in the fields by armed guards.

One firm made the mistake of wanting to settle the strike. The Tracy-Waldron Co. signed an agreement with the union. But the firm soon found that it could not buy ice—Ralph Meyers's Salinas Ice Co. refused to do business. The Tracy-Waldron Co. abandoned its plan to deal with the union.

The strike has settled into a long siege: a showdown between violence—employers willing to use any fascist terror to break the union —and the strength of the workers. The sheriff has called for volunteers: if a man refuses to join up with the army of deputized strike-breakers, he is liable to arrest. Hoodlums, idlers in pool halls, high-school boys, are deputized and handed hickory riot sticks—cut in the workshop of the local high school. The vigilantes roam the city, endanger the lives not only of union members but of any person who might cross their path. But conscription was necessary, it seems. A previous call by the American Legion brought out twenty men. Most of the legionnaires proved to be union members or sympathizers.

THE RED SCARE plays a large part. Chief Cato was so disturbed at the danger of revolution that he discovered a mysterious plot. Red flags with peculiar numbers painted on them hung on power poles. "Ah!" said Mr. Cato, "secret signs that tell the number and date of Red troop movements." Valiantly he seized the flags and dispatched them to Governor Merriam in Sacramento. Next day, A. D. White, director of the state traffic court, appeared in Salinas, furious at the heroic Cato. It seems the little red flags had been tacked up not by Communists but with much labor and expense as markers indicating the number of automobiles using the highways.

The shippers and growers are frantic. They have talked themselves into fear of an approaching Red army, bombs from Red airplanes. They tell each other horrific tales and manage to scare themselves completely out of reason. Four blasts of the fire siren the other day brought out a "citizen's" militia of several thousand to combat a reported march of 2500 San Francisco longshoremen who were supposedly coming to Salinas to "mop up" the grower-shippers. Airplanes were dispatched to scout the highways. It cost a good deal of money, but the longshoremen failed to appear. As the sheriff said, "We can take no chances. This is a serious matter."

AS THIS is written, Governor Frank Merriam, who sent troops on to the San Francisco waterfront two years ago to break the maritime strike, has backed down from his former openly Red-baiting position. The state federation of labor, in convention at the capital, pledged full support to the Salinas strike, and threatened Merriam with recall if he did not see to it that a rapid settlement was made and violence by vigilantes, employers, and state police halted immediately.

In Salinas, fifty carloads of lettuce move each day. At this season, the normal output is 300 carloads a day. California organized labor backs the Fruit & Vegetable Workers. Longshoremen have declared lettuce "hot cargo." No lettuce can be moved into San Francisco. If it can be tied up in New York, Chicago, and other cities, the workers will win their strike. They must win if agricultural labor is to go forward in California.

Maurice Becker

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In the Citadel of Steel

Pouring down the Allegheny and Monongahela valleys, the molten metal of the unionizing drive is firing the region with enthusiasm

By William F. Dunne

NO ONE who knows the American labor movement and its struggles in steel can travel up and down the two sides of the triangle, with Pittsburgh at its apex, made by the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers flowing to form the Ohio, can stop in the steel, glass, aluminum manufacturing and coal mining towns that are stretched continuously along their banks, without realizing the magnitude of the task set for itself by the Steel Workers Organizing Committee of the Committee for Industrial Organization.

If, in addition, one thinks of the organic connection between these mighty industries and Wall Street, and their dominating influence in the political life of this nation, even the organized strength of the 1,250,000 workers in the C.I.O. unions and the hundreds of thousands in other unions who have made known their support for the industrial-union drive in steel and allied industries will at first seem puny.

But as facts come to light, as the record of union organization in one concern after another in the last three months—since the S.W.O.C. campaign got under way—is unfolded by organizers, paid and unpaid, in the valley strongholds of the dynasties which divide the power to rule and rob the American working class, it becomes apparent that this campaign has tapped, as nothing else has since the organization drive of 1919 headed by William Z. Foster, the reservoir of resentment of oppression, the will to unite all steel workers in one union, and the heroic determination to batter through all obstacles to reach this objective. This cement has begun to flow strongly down the Monongahela and Allegheny valleys.

This is the major guarantee for the success of the campaign.

A number of recent developments, picked not for their spectacular character but as instances of the extremely varied form in which the effect of the S.W.O.C. campaign is shown among the numerous categories of workers involved, will prove the validity of this premise:

The size, militancy, and significance of the Labor Day demonstrations in the steel and metal centers under the auspices of the S.W.O.C., Central Labor Councils—and even in some instances Building Trades Councils, the international officers of whose affiliated unions are opposed to the C.I.O.—have been appraised already in the *Daily Worker* of September 17. It is enough to say here that in this respect, with some local exceptions the reasons for which are known, they far surpassed any similar demonstrations in the labor history of steel. The Pittsburgh meeting, for instance, brought out more than twice the crowd that heard Governor Landon at his carefully staged "homecoming" in Middlesex. Mass parades were a new feature—as in Aliquippa, Ambridge, Mansfield, O., New Kensington, Bethlehem, and elsewhere. For the time being, the outright terror in Aliquippa (Jones & Laughlin company town) and in Ambridge (American Bridge Co.) with which such demonstrations have been met, was absent. The companies did not dare to challenge forcibly the right—and the determination—of the steel workers to assemble.

In Bethlehem, home plant of Bethlehem Steel, there was a Labor Day parade for the first time. The only previous union demonstration in that city was broken up by the state police. A survey of these Labor Day celebrations shows that where there was capable and conscientious organization, the working class responded in an unmistakable fashion.

The organization of the Women's Auxiliaries of the Amalgamated Association and other unions has lagged behind the organizational work in general. Nevertheless, their activities can be seen and felt. In Mansfield, O., the women practically took charge of the Labor Day parade. One of their floats, "Before and After the Union Came," would have stood out in any pageant.

In McKeesport, the Women's Auxiliary went into action against the proposed publication of a series of anti-union advertisements in the local press. The merchants were canvassed and advised of the possibility of a housewives' boycott if they signed such advertisements or continued to advertise in papers carrying them.

In some other steel towns these advertisements appeared over the signatures of citizens' committees, American legion officials, etc., but none appeared in the McKeesport press.

Dan Rico

BUT IT IS the organization of new unions, the increase in membership of unions already established, and the improvement in wages and working conditions; the growth of the spirit of independence among workers in the basic industries; the general tightening of the lines between the corporation forces and the labor movement in all its branches, that best show the potentialities of the mass movement given impetus by the S.W.O.C. campaign. These developments are all the more important since, like the Labor Day demonstrations, they have occurred after only some two and one half months of activity.

Even the company unions and their employee representatives are not running true to form. Councils, committees, and conferences representing the 90,000 workers in the Carnegie-Illinois tin, plate, and strip plants of the corporation in the Pittsburgh-Chicago area have made demands for flat wage increases of more than a dollar per day. The demands also include two weeks' vacations with pay, seniority rights, improvements in the pension and insurance systems.

A number of members of these company-union councils who have urged support of the S.W.O.C., joining the Amalgamated Association, and converting the company unions into genuine unions have been discharged, among them the chairman of the Pittsburgh-Chicago Employees Council. But these arbitrary dismissals of employees with long service records have not stopped the wage movement in the plants. The last demand from the Carnegie-Illinois tin and plate divisions, agreed to by a conference of thirty-six company-union representatives meeting in the Frick Building, Pittsburgh, was made a week after the discharges were publicly announced.

It is obvious that the wide network of S.W.O.C. headquarters in the steel industry centers could not be without effect on the general labor movement even though activities had been confined to the distribution of literature. The C.I.O. campaign for industrial unionism, reaching into Central Labor Coun-

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cil, with this issue, has brought the great majority of them and their affiliated unions in steel centers into the organization drive. The exceptions to this are such Central Labor bodies as that in Pittsburgh proper, dominated by the Building Trades Department. Here the tie vote of fifty-two to fifty-two formally ranged the Central Labor Council on the side of craft unionism. But the progressives have kept working. For example, the meat-packing and wholesale-meat plants with some 600 workers have been organized with progressive leadership.

The S.W.O.C. has established three regional headquarters: in Pittsburgh, where Philip Murray, chairman, has his office, in Chicago, and in Birmingham, Ala. In the northeastern region twenty-two local headquarters have been set up. There are nine in the Chicago-Great Lakes region.

Around these headquarters the progressive forces are gathering. The organizers in charge of the S.W.O.C. headquarters, the local organizers under their direction, the progressive officials and active members of other unions share the responsibility for the organization of meetings, getting speakers, taking care of publicity, and in general leading, in the various localities, what probably can best be called a "Labor Forward" movement.

New Kensington, Pa., furnishes a good illustration of what is happening up the Allegheny Valley. Andrew Mellon's Aluminum Co. of America has a plant there employing 4000 workers. It is part of a mass-production industry and one in which an industrial union was supposed to be established. The workers, however, are still members of Federal Union 18356. In spite of the opposition of the A.F. of L. Executive Council, they support the S.W.O.C. campaign.

The plant is almost one hundred percent organized, and since the S.W.O.C. came into the valley, wage increases have been secured. The last increase, about two weeks ago, was three cents per hour. It brought wages far above the hourly rate of the mass of steel workers. Stay-in strikes have been carried through successfully. Recently one girl was discharged for asking another to join the union. Five hundred girls refused to work or leave the plant. The girl was reinstated.

The Penn Power Co. has a plant a short way down the Allegheny from New Kensington. Efforts to organize this plant have been made for fourteen years. Taking advantage of some new installation work, the Central Labor Council succeeded in organizing the 300 workers on construction and in the plant. A vote was taken by these workers on the question of affiliation: the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, part of the A.F. of L. craft-union setup, or the United Electrical and Radio Workers Union, supporting the C.I.O. These workers are now members of the United.

Up the river from New Kensington in Tarentum the offices of the Flat Glass Workers Union are in a two-story building. Part of their quarters has been allotted to the S.W.O.C. organizer and the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers. The Flat Glass Workers have the plant of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. almost one hundred percent organized—1600 workers.

The Allegheny Steel Co. has three plants in the valley. At a steel workers' organization meeting in Natrona which this writer attended it was reported that the West Leechburg plant—1800 workers—was ninety percent organized. The burgess of the borough, the S.W.O.C. organizer, a representative of the Aluminum Workers Union, an official of the Flat Glass Workers Union, the A.A. organizer, the secretary of the Fraternal Orders Committee for Unionization of Steel Workers, and an official of the Citizens Unemployment Committee were the speakers. Politically, the speakers were Democratic, Farmer-Labor, Socialist, and Communist.

The audience was overwhelmingly Polish-American. The Eagles Hall was packed. The Polish workers were not satisfied, however. A number of them told one of the organizers that if he would get the Polish Falcons Hall (the nationalist organization) "we will get you ten times as many to the meeting." The united front has begun to work in the Allegheny Valley.

BROADER ASPECTS of the class struggle are attracting workers involved in the steel organization campaign. Outstanding among these is the rapid development of farmer-labor parties on local and district scales. In western Pennsylvania the Farmer-Labor Party, with headquarters in Pittsburgh, has two congressional and seven state candidates in the field. In eastern Pennsylvania, with headquarters in Allentown, the Farmer-Labor Party has one congressional candidate and three for the state legislature. It is publishing a paper, the *Farmer-Labor News*. Most of the candidates are members or officers of the Amalgamated Association, the United Mine Workers, United Textile Workers, United Electrical and Radio Workers Union, Federation of Teachers, or farmers.

The close connection of the Farmer-Labor Party in these districts with the steel organization campaign is to be seen in the labor planks of its platform. They include: a general six-hour day and five-day week with no cuts in weekly pay; the abolition of the sweat-

The United Front

Art Young

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Call It Death of the Bourgeoisie

This whirling world is overturned within
us swirling. The tall and windy night,
the massed black of the clouds, the fleeing moon
(the sun long gone and no dawn longer dreamed)
are drowned in the depths of this Well——

Call it hell
or purgatorio,
as slow
then fast and faster over us
at last the lava-flow
of a cool-dying Vesuvius.
Or call it the Pompeii
of history's day,
a consummation
for a Gustave Doré illustration.
And shall we have no Blake with breath
unfaltering to sing
the day-white mystery of this death?

The slimy walls slip past us as we sink,
a-swarm with poppied graves and tumuli of skulls
and the bones of little children of the poor.
Our crater prison! Against the blackness of the walls boughs writhe and travail,
a knot of living chains
that have of iron begotten leaves.
And they are full of sleeping birds, the shuddering
whir of a million prisoned wings.
Those eyes, those flames, those stalactites
suspended from the darkness above a sigh.
Somewhere the wind has lashed a tree
which with its Black trunk rapes the shade.
Beaks and claws on face and on our hands
as night-coated serpents glide
over fossil tree-trunk columns.

Rooms we traverse which for more than a thousand
years are locked on martyrdoms,
clasped now in a statue's anthracite embrace.
Glowing life here was, for here
was where below ground the damned
sought treasure denied them (those graves
those dwarfed and mangled limbs of the young—
rickets, anæmia live here in dust and stone—
that growing mound of skulls).

But as we cling with heel and hand,
goes up a Red Cry among the branches,
out of the Well like a wreath of smoke
far over the crater's top.

Come,
leave thunder-burnt air.
Yawns the turquoise night.

We are with a plunge nude in the lake's frozen fire.
Swim we with lusty strokes awakening great ripples all the
way to the pallid rushes of the bank.
About us the Blackening woods run down to the shore's towering wall.

And as we are in the lake's full center, the moon
girds on a nimbus vaster—— Oh, faster! faster!——
than any limbus of souls,
as up from the crater's mouth we see mounting up to the zenith
the Hammer and Sickle of Harvest and binding of Comrades.
It is dawn in Moscow's Red Square, the Kremlin's dome
is touched with an ægis of fire.

A transfixed Christ
weary, content
comes down from the cross of the winds.
Hangs on the ether a Hope and a Reddening
Five-rayed Star.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

★ ★ ★

shop and support of the campaign to organize steel, auto, rubber, textiles, and other mass production industries along industrial lines; prohibition of company unions; full right to organize, strike, and picket without intervention by injunctions, soldiers, police, or private thugs; no limitation of the number of pickets; equal pay for equal work; abolition of child labor; closing all factories when danger threatens during a strike; unity with all workers and farmers of this district, state, and nation regardless of race, creed, color, sex, or political beliefs; complete freedom of speech, press, assembly, and public demonstration; putting the public buildings, parks, schools, and streets at the disposal of labor. The Farmer-Labor Party is campaigning with the slogan: "Defeat Landon—vote for local Farmer-Labor Party candidates."

THE LARGE PERCENTAGE of foreign-language groups in the steel industry has been and is a major problem faced by every organization campaign. The situation now is probably more serious now than in past years because of the intensive Fascist propaganda carried on for years among the big bloc of Italians in the steel centers. The success of Congressman Marcantonio's recent meeting in Pittsburgh, where Philip Murray and other prominent labor-union officials spoke, was unusually gratifying. Not only did a number of influential officials of Italian-American fraternal societies take an active part in the organization of this Labor Day celebration, but as a result of the meeting many more of them, and numbers of young Italians who had until then stood aloof from the general movement, are now working to make the mass conference of fraternal, social, and cultural societies and clubs called for October 25 in Pittsburgh a powerful weapon for the S.W.O.C. campaign. The main purpose of the conference is shown by the selection of Philip Murray as the principal speaker by the Fraternal Organizations Committee calling the conference.

It must be said, however, that in spite of the forward movement in many steel, steel-fabricating, coal-mining, and allied industrial centers, the campaign is still spotty. In the Great Lakes area—Chicago, Detroit, Gary, Buffalo, Cleveland—the movement apparently is far behind the Pittsburgh campaign. The Labor Day demonstrations were not of the size and character of those in Pittsburgh.

In the Great Lakes region, and in the Pittsburgh area for that matter, still greater efforts have to be made to enlarge the organizing machinery by enlisting employed steel workers and the formation of union committees in the mills; by the utilization of all possible influence and forces of the language organizations; by much greater clarification of the stand of the C.I.O. and the S.W.O.C. on the protection of craft rights and wage scales within the framework of industrial unions; by special attention to the organization of women's auxiliaries; by special appeals and organizational methods for young workers.

The steel campaign has to be of such a character as to bring into the ranks of labor's forces the entire working-class community in the centers of struggle.

In the three months of the campaign, workers facing the steel corporations and their subsidiaries, whose limitless brutality and greed they know by years of experience, have shown in mill after mill and town after town that they know the coming battles call for this kind of a campaign; that they have the wish and the will to fight it through. It remains to rally to their support every force that the rest of the industrial workers, intellectuals, and sympathetic professional groups can bring to bear to make good the challenge the steel workers have thrown down to the most powerful section of American capitalism.

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They asked for bread

Gardner Rea

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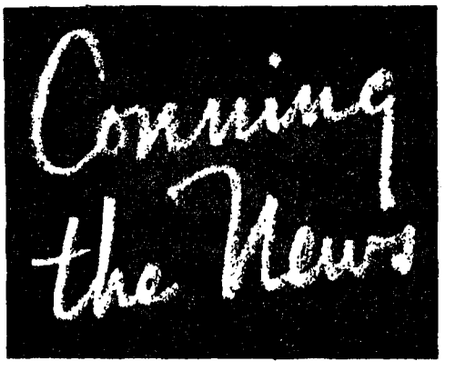
THE French franc, in a sensational leap which carried it from the financial pages to the front sheet of every major paper of the world, stole the week's spotlight. For months French capitalists and speculators in London and New York had been pressing for devaluation of the franc. Unable to withstand further pressure, the Blum government, committed to an anti-devaluation policy, finally succumbed and announced that henceforth the franc would be worth 25 to 33 1/3 percent less than it had been. Speculators stood to profit handsomely, but to the French workers the step meant a cut in real wages and to the peasants and holders of small savings, a declining standard of living—unless the Blum government should take drastic measures to counteract rising prices. Reassuring in this connection was the word of the government that legislation would be drafted to mitigate the hardships of inflation, but as in the case of the Matignon agreement concerning wages and working conditions, it was believed that only the organized power of the workers and the continued unity of the Popular Front could ensure the enforcement of such measures.

Internationally, the devaluation of the franc assumed significant proportions because of the fact that it was promulgated with the assured assistance of the United States and Great Britain. The agreement was heralded as a step toward international coöperation along economic and political lines, with the gradual elimination of excessive trade barriers and of rampant economic nationalism — and with world leadership in the hands of England, France, and the United States rather than the aggressive bloc of fascist countries, which will probably have to follow suit in devaluing their currencies. The Soviet newspaper *Izvestia* maintained that the Anglo-French-American currency agreement would not fundamentally alter the state of monetary chaos existing in the capitalist world, but conceded that "the accord might be regarded as a cold compress on the hot feverish heads of the nations of the world." And the Communist Party of France, which strongly opposed devaluation, prepared to support the Blum government even in this step rather than allow the fascist forces to seize the opportunity to drive a wedge into the Popular Front government. To offset the harmful effects of devaluation, the Communists worked out a program calling for a sliding scale of wages to meet rising prices, protection of pensions and fixed incomes, compensation to small bondholders, requisition of gold hoarded by the rich to prevent profit through speculating, suppression of fascist panic-mongers, and the lifting of import taxes on commodities required by the masses.

THE triple agreement on currency may have a pronounced effect on America's presidential campaign. Unfortunately for the Republicans it came in a week when Landon was in the act of demonstrating that the Administration was following a "war-inspired doctrine of isolation" while at the same time ruining the farmer by reciprocity tariffs.



Covering the events of the week ending September 28

Landon's charges came in the course of a concerted drive for the farm vote which took him on an important tour through the Middle West. At Des Moines the Kansan, though thoroughly committed to cutting federal expenses and balancing the budget, offered the farmers cash benefits for exportable surpluses, promised to continue drought-relief checks, agreed to fulfill all obligations contracted by the New Deal, and declared that "the question of crop insurance should be given the fullest attention." The following day, in Minneapolis, he attacked the reciprocal tariff policy of the administration. The administration, placed for the moment on the defensive, sent Secretaries Wallace and Hull to the firing line. Wallace pointed out that the reciprocal pact with Canada had not lowered the price of American cheddar cheese at all, as Landon had insisted by way of example, but that the price drop was purely seasonal. And as a further proof of Republican insincerity he offered the paradox that "while he [Landon] is telling the farmers in the Middle West that farm prices have been lowered by the Roosevelt farm policies, consumers in the cities . . . are being told that the same Roosevelt farm policies have sent prices sky high."

HEAVY red-baiting continued to mark the campaign, centering for the week about the conservative person of David Dubinsky. Chosen as one of the Democratic electors for New York State, Dubinsky drew a terrific barrage because of his service in forwarding funds raised by the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, of which he is president, to Labor's Red Cross for Spain, a Loyalist organization. Arrayed against him, and vitriolic in their attacks against Roosevelt for allowing him to serve as elector, were Hearst, Coughlin, Lemke, and Republican national chairman John Hamilton. Most extreme was Mr. Hamilton, who challenged Roosevelt: "How long do you intend to affront the voters of America by retaining as one of your presidential electors . . . a man who rendered financial aid to Communists in Spain so that they might continue to horrify the civilized world with their murders of clergymen and their pillaging of churches?" This open espousal of the fascist cause in Spain by the head of the Republican Party went unchallenged, but the grotesque charge against Dubinsky was too much even for the arch-reactionary Hamilton Fish, who declared: "It is . . . preposterous to denounce members of the American Federation of Labor as being communistic, as the federation has been one of the most uncompromising foes of communism in America." Unfortunately Dubinsky himself saw fit to join in the anti-Red hue and cry, defending his aid to the legal and democratic government of Spain by bragging of how he had smashed left-wing elements in his own union with the aid of two Republican millionaires: Felix Warburg and Julius Rosenwald.

AS THE Red-baiting increased, the Roosevelt administration continued to show a marked drift to the Right. Secretary of State Hull delivered an ill-tempered and unreasonable rebuke to a delegation which came to inquire why the State Department had permitted Lawrence Simpson, an American citizen, to be interned for fifteen months in Nazi concentration camps and prisons before being brought to trial. Unable to do more than insist that diplomatic representations had been made repeatedly, Hull directed his ire against the delegation rather than against the flagrant injustice done to Simpson. Six days later the American sailor was sentenced by the notorious Nazi "People's Court" to three years' imprisonment for distributing anti-fascist literature in Germany.

Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau contributed his anti-Red bit by a fantastic charge that the Soviet government was deliberately trying to wreck the Anglo-French-American currency agreement by dumping British pounds on the market. The Secretary's weird accusation, it later developed, grew out of a normal banking operation carried through by the New York agents of the Soviet State Bank. The Soviet dollar account had been drained by a recent payment of nearly seven million dollars to a Swedish industrial firm and the State Bank had accordingly ordered its agents to replenish its account by selling a million pounds sterling.

Roosevelt's own contribution to the Right came in the form of several appointments. To the post left vacant by the death of Secretary of War Dern the President assigned Harry H. Woodring, brother-in-law of Remington Arms' production chief, strong advocate of heavy armaments and notorious author of the plan to train the C.C.C. boys as "economic storm troops" to aid the army in combating "social unrest." And to the newly-created Maritime Commission the President appointed two admirals and an old bureaucrat of the Treasury Department. Said Joseph Curran, chairman of the Seamen's Defense Committee: "We know nothing of the three men appointed. . . . But two being admirals, we can expect nothing but favoritism to the shipowners with whom they are in closer contact than with the seamen. Certainly they have no knowledge of actual conditions on merchant marine vessels."

It is on this Commission that Roosevelt will

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rely for advice concerning the threatened tieup of West Coast shipping, with all that it promises in the way of violence. The government, anxious to avert the impending lockout, dispatched strike-breaking Edward McGrady to San Francisco to negotiate. Federal conciliators have already asked shipowners to accept Bridges's proposition to continue to employ longshoremen and other maritime workers under the present award after the contracts expire on September 30 and until some settlement can be reached. So far the employers have refused and threaten to consider hiring halls dead as soon as the contracts expire, and to hire under open-shop, non-award conditions.

AS the maritime situation grew tenser with the approach of the zero hour, California's Salinas Valley saw such a rampant display of brutal reaction that the conservative San Francisco *Chronicle* appeared with a story headed: "It Did Happen in Salinas—Fifteen-Day Reign of 'Fascism' Bared." Admitting no sympathy for the striking men, the *Chronicle* nevertheless reported: "For a full fortnight the 'constituted authorities' of Salinas have been but the helpless pawns of sinister fascist forces which have operated from a barricaded hotel floor in the center of town. Under this dictatorship, minor children, boys under 21, have been deputized and armed. . . . There has been concocted a series of the most preposterous Red scares that has yet been foisted upon any community of Americans." The hitherto ultra-conservative California State Federation of Labor threatened Governor Merriam with recall for permitting and aiding the terror, went on record in favor of the C.I.O., and elected among its officers Harry Bridges, militant leader of the longshoremen.

On three other fronts American reaction made headway during the week. The American Legion pledged itself to "fight relentlessly against the spread of Communism," urged immediate removal of all aliens from jobs on federal projects until they had applied for citizenship papers, and urged the deportation of foreign Communists. It said nothing whatever about fascists, alien or otherwise. The Legion was lauded and extolled by such liberals as Mayor La Guardia and Governor Lehman and by all the leading dailies as a noble patriotic group until the legionnaires hinted at a desire for general pensions, whereupon the tory ardor cooled perceptibly. The New York *Herald Tribune,* which had hailed the Legion as a champion against the Red menace, concluded soulfully: "It gives us no assurance that when the time is propitious it will not attempt to compound its disservice with demands for greater favors still. . . . So, all in all, its championship against alien subversion falls a little flat."

LEADING college heads vied with each other in welcoming back their students with reactionary oratory. Winner was Nicholas Murray Butler, who distinguished himself by launching an utterly gratuitous and savage attack on the Newspaper Guild strike

Anthony Eden Donga

against Hearst in Seattle. "Some 650 working people," ranted the scholarly Butler, "are kept in idleness for days by the disorderly and lawless force of a group of disturbers of the peace of whom the city, the county, and the State authorities are in such terror that nothing whatever is done by any one of these to restore and to preserve order." Dr. Butler succeeded in "preserving order" in his own backyard by denying reinstatement to young Robert Burke, deprived of a college education for leading an anti-Nazi demonstration last spring.

On a nearby campus, Chancellor Harry Chase, extolling New York University's three great bankers, warned: "The Brodericks, the Hudsons, and the McLoughlins represent certain traditions in the School of Commerce, and if there are any here who are not in accord with these traditions, let them immediately disassociate themselves with the school. Neither we nor the Alumni Association want anything to do with them." At Cornell the students flocked back to the cloistered walls to hear from Dr. Cutten that the meager concessions made by the New Deal are an attempt "to make parasites of a whole nation." When God drove Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden, explained Prexy Cutten, he "registered his opinion of parasitism, and put a quietus on social security for a million years."

Never to be outdone when Red-baiting is in the wind, Father Coughlin made the baldest bid for the leadership of America's fascists that he has yet dared. In an interview with Dale Kramer, reported in the *National Farm Holiday News* and not carried in any of the bourgeois papers, the priest declared: "We are at the crossroads. One road leads toward fascism, the other toward Communism. I take the road toward fascism." For more popular consumption the Father contented himself with the declaration that President Roosevelt was "anti-God" and that "if ballots are made useless by the rise of Communism in this country," he for one "would not disdain the use of bullets"—precisely the fraudulent pretext which Spain's fascists used in attacking a government overwhelmingly elected by the Spanish people.

HOW far Father Coughlin's Spanish prototypes will succeed is still far from apparent. Superior foreign air and artillery equipment, as well as trained foreign personnel, enabled General Franco's invading forces during the week to maintain their advantage over the People's Army in the Toledo-Talavera sector, southwest of Madrid. Though the position of the Loyalist defenders of Toledo was critical, vigorous defensive action by government troops slowed up Franco's advance. His main line of communication east of Talavera was disrupted when Loyalists blasted the Alberche River Dam and let loose a ten-foot column of water which inundated a vast area occupied by the fascists. The government followed this blow with lively counter-attacks on Maqueda and Torrijos, fascist-held towns dominating the road to Madrid and Toledo.

From Madrid came two items of interest on the cultural front. Garcia Lorca, outstanding among Spain's younger poets, has been shot to death by a fascist firing squad. Pablo Picasso, modernist painter, has been appointed director of the Prado Museum in Madrid by the Communist Minister of Education.

At Geneva, Spanish Foreign Minister Alvarez del Vayo flayed the policy of non-intervention adopted by the powers at France's initiative, as a "legal monstrosity" and a "de-facto blockade of the lawful Spanish government." Speaking before the League Assembly, he declared that the policy meant in practice "direct and positive intervention on behalf of the rebels." And envisaging an international war between "democracy and oppression" if aid to the Spanish rebels is allowed to continue, del Vayo made a plea for lifting the embargo on supplies to the government and making effective the embargo on the fascist enemies of the Spanish Republic.

Denouncing Nazism and fascism, Soviet Foreign Commissar Litvinov explained to the Assembly Russia's abstention from giving open aid to Spain on the ground that it feared "the possibility of an international conflict" and wished to keep the peace.

THE League Assembly, in a major diplomatic surprise, voted to seat Ethiopia's delegation in defiance of Rome's threat to break all relations with the League. So determined was the drive of the smaller powers in support of Ethiopia that neither Mr. Eden nor M. Delbos, who had previously agreed to maneuver against Ethiopia's being seated, was disposed to take the initiative in fighting for exclusion. To date, despite her blustering, Italy has not resigned from the League, strengthening the impression that Mussolini is reluctant to divorce himself entirely from the League powers to be left with Hitler as his sole companion in Europe.

Mussolini is beset with further difficulties as a result of his meddling in Spain. Though he has protested that Italy is moved only by the purest of aims—the extermination of Bolshevism—British imperialism is growingly uneasy over the fate of the island of Majorca and the port of Ceuta, Spanish Morocco, which faces Gibraltar. Sir Samuel Hoare, now Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty, told Il Duce quite bluntly that his government was in no mood to countenance further Italian encroachment on Britain's Mediterranean route to the Orient.

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Hard Knox

The blustering veteran of San Juan Hill plays a bull-in-the-china-shop role in the campaign and succeeds in embarrassing most of his supporters

By Harry Thornton Moore

COLONEL FRANK KNOX is puffing up and down the country as he hasn't puffed since he was a Rough Rider in Hearst's privately owned war with Spain, or since he was out campaigning for Roosevelt I in Bull Moose days. The vice-presidential candidate is supposed to be coralling votes for the Republicans by explaining how the Republicans can save the country, but all he has done so far is rant against liberalism, "radicalism," the New Deal, all social planning, and Rexford G. Tugwell. The colonel is hearty if nothing else; sometimes you can feel embarrassed for him, as for some relative who gets religion and falls into a state of catalepsy at church or raves on street corners about Open Sin. Everyone saw the colonel in a newsreel shot on the steps of the capitol at Topeka, greeting Landon at the first meeting of those two worthies after the Republicans had chosen them to carry the banners of reaction together. Landon came forward quietly, with his "becoming" smile, holding out his hand to the colonel, but suddenly he had to brace himself and the cameramen and reporters had to duck as the plunging colonel rushed into the middle of things and began to work Landon's arm up and down as if it were the village pump-handle on a midwinter day. That's the way the colonel does things, hearty-me-lads. If he's gonna be a running mate he's really gonna run, let the chips fall where they may.

The colonel has always been more or less of a crusader. In the early years of the century he was a fighting editor-publisher in Michigan and then in New Hampshire. He was going to quit it all in 1927 and take a good rest, but Hearst thought Knox was too good a man to be out of currency, so he wheedled him into his employ and eventually made him general manager of all Hearst papers. In 1931 he decided to quit again and was all set to retire to his New England estate when he heard of a chance to buy the Chicago *Daily News*. He ripped right down there. The big boys who were running the sale hadn't heard of him, but General Dawes, who was in the midst of the boys financially and other ways, put in a good word for him and the A.P. gave him the O.K., so the *News* fell into his hands. It wasn't till several years later that he felt he would be the nation's savior if only he could be president. He had tolerated Roosevelt at first, but by 1934 was leading the swing away from the president. During that summer Knox visited Europe and wrote some scorching editorials about dictatorships—these editorials were later published in a booklet that made a lot of Republicans think they had at last found their much-sought-after Führer. For Knox had fallen into the "right" way of thinking: he put Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin into the same category. And of course he pictured Roosevelt as grinningly on the way to join them.

Knox's new friends in Illinois liked this. Here was the appeal to prejudice and the lack of logic that has usually characterized tories. They began to invite the colonel to speak at rallies and pass the hat. They liked his speaking and they loved the way he could pass the hat with results. So the Knox presidential boom began. Knox himself didn't say anything about his hopes: he sat back and let his friends feel the way for him. War vets got behind this man who had gone to France as a private at the age of forty-three and come back as a major. The Republican press

Forward! Scott Johnston

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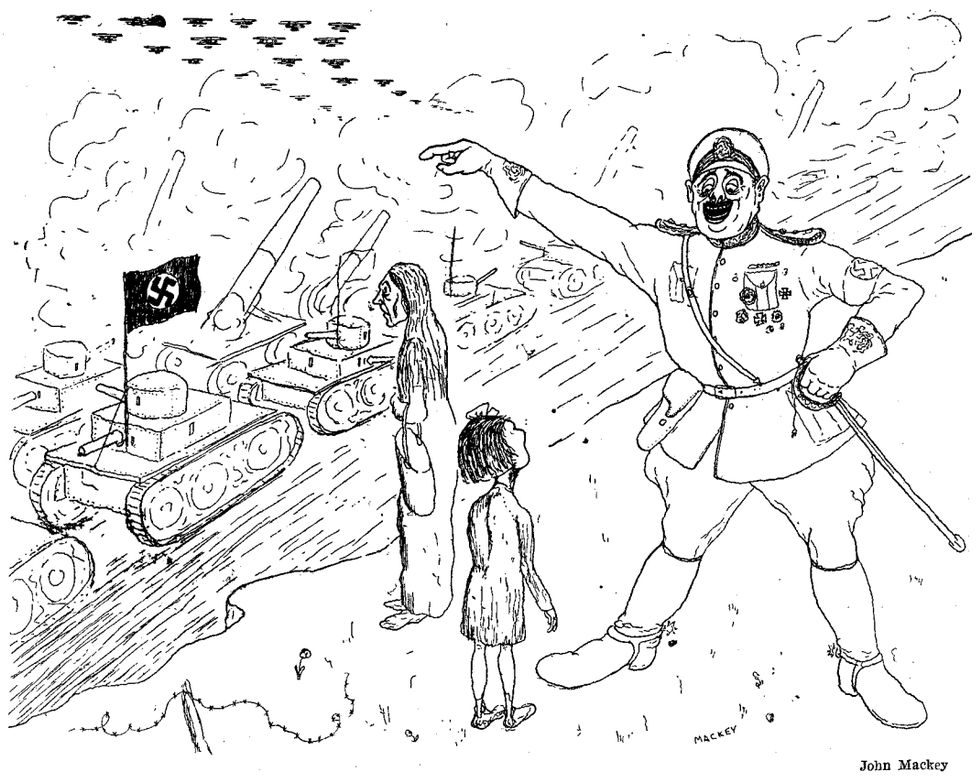
threw bouquets at him—except of course the Chicago *Tribune,* whose Lord God McCormick is a jealous god. This colonel didn't like the way the other colonel had come down to Chicago and become the Big Man. The *Tribune,* which has been forced to support Knox since it supports Landon, used to carry some dirty hints about Knox's local political affiliations. And these affiliations were not without a peculiar smell: the colonel believed in teamwork and evidently didn't mind being nice to some Capone henchmen, and he actually paid a friendly call on the man he had practically defeated for governor of Illinois in the last election — the late Len Small. Knox had bitterly attacked Small as the kind of man to be driven out of what the colonel calls decent politics, yet when the foxy Old Master began to use his influence to help Knox get the nomination, the colonel let bygones be bygones, and when Small tried for the nomination last spring, the *News* pulled its punches. But the people of Illinois are used to such tactics—they didn't seem to care very much. The Knox boom was on.

THE COLONEL'S presidential aspirations might have been a notch higher at present if Hearst hadn't unexpectedly dived into the plains of Kansas and come up with a real prospect—Alf Landon. Hearst might have found just as good material in Illinois, but he hadn't quite forgotten the way Knox quit his Hearst job flat on New Year's Day 1931. Knox abruptly sent Hearst a wire he was leaving, then told the reporters and walked out. Hearst didn't get the telegram, and read in the paper that his star pupil had quit. Hearst hates to read anything like that in the papers, since it makes him feel kind of left out of things, so he went on one of his famous mads and it was a long time before Knox had a chance to explain. Although they got on good terms again, Knox wasn't exactly first in Hearst's affections, and when Hearst wanted a puppet to dangle in the people's faces he decided he was going to get someone who wouldn't send him a cold telegram and then stalk out. So he was glad to find a New Deal supporter who, upon being dazzled by hopes of a Hearst presidency, would gladly turn about face and rail against his former heroes. Hearst was pleased. He added as a polite afterthought that Frank Knox might be a good choice for vice-president. The Republicans were only too glad to oblige their new friend, and when the cheers had died away in the smoke-filled convention hall and in the smoke-filled hotel rooms and in the smoke-filled editorial offices, Abou Ben Landon's name led all the rest, and Hearst's second choice was duly second. There is a story going the rounds that Knox went to Northwestern University's School of Speech several weeks *before* the convention and got some pointers on public speaking and made several practice records of a speech accepting the nomination for *vice*-president.

Second choice was good enough for Knox: the hardy veteran could go campaigning again, saving his country by rough-riding over the Democratic platform. Not many people were seriously disturbed to see Jim Farley left with some purple horseshoe-shaped bruises on his ample anatomy, but it became really disconcerting when Knox began to range farther afield and trample on what little was left of the ancient American concept of liberty. When asked about his record as a liberal in support of Roosevelt I, Knox, for reasons of party loyalty, now admits he was wrong to fight for the Bull Moose; besides, he chuckles jovially, Roosevelt II has ridden so far to the Left that he, Colonel Knox, has to ride as far as he can to the Right, just to kind of keep things in balance—and with another chuckle and a whoop he spurs his horse and rides off again. (Liberal or no liberal, however, Knox holds the record for price paid for a copy of the NEW MASSES. He heard about the number that contained Heywood Broun's newspaper story, "Enduring Bronze," and wanted one; he was late, copies were scarce, and by the time his newsdealer got one for him he had to pay two dollars, which is a new high even for collectors. But the colonel didn't kick.) He covers great territory, is another Paul Revere warning every Middle West village and farm and then ranging farther East and West and South: "Look out, the British—I mean the Democrats—no, no, I mean the Russians!—are coming!"

THE COLONEL'S eagerness keeps getting him into trouble; he's so glad to be back in the fray that he isn't always sure he knows what he's saying. There was that little outburst in Pennsylvania, for example, when he told the assembled multitude that the banks and life-insurance policies were no longer safe, and so on, until the Secretary for Banking in that state had to remind the colonel that he was liable to prosecution. The little explosion was a keen embarrassment to Landon-Knox backers Herbert Hoover and Al Smith, who are directors of the New York Life. When newspapermen asked them whether they agreed with Knox that no insurance company was sound, they painfully replied "Nothing to say." The colonel's one-man rodeo answered from the Far West a few days later that he was just using generalities. But the prize boner was that noble speech at Rockford, Ill., which spilled every bean in the Republican messkit. The colonel begged for continued free speech in the press and in the radio but at the same time warned the people against the use of the radio "to spread wrong ideas and encourage wrong policies."

It's unfortunate the colonel had to be took bad like this, for he may never be the same again. If the ticket wins, the colonel may stage a circus in Washington that will make General Dawes's hell-and-Maria grandstanding and the Dolly Gann squabbles look tame indeed. If the ticket loses (and the tactics of the colonel and his cohorts may help it lose), he will always have his paper to fall back on, and there he can join his old boss Hearst and that other noble colonel, McCormick, in raging against even the timidest liberal move the New Deal tries to make. And so for those who are even farther Left than the New Deal . . . well, you can guess the answer to that one. But the votes aren't counted yet and the colonel is still having his fun campaigning. This time the grand old veteran is really a general—in a war to help make the world safe for Dupontcracy.



John Mackey

"How can you talk of food at a time like this?"

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Spain Is a Republic

Our Madrid correspondent reveals profound social changes that have already taken place as a consequence of the policies of the People's Front regime

By James Hawthorne

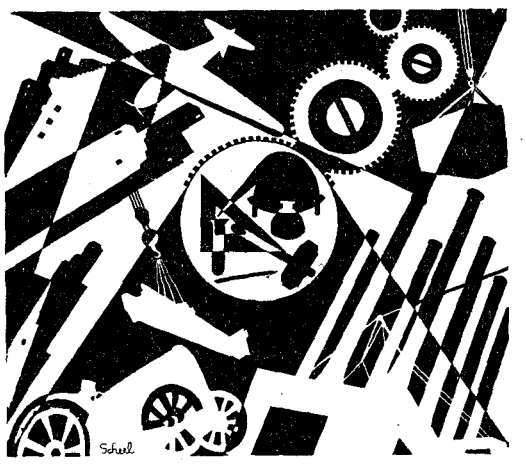
"SPAIN is a Republic of workers of all kinds." The sour wits of feudal landlordism who permitted that line to introduce the Constitution of the Second Spanish Republic in 1931 knew they were mocking the aspirations of a whole people. But neither they nor the Rightist Socialist lawyers who gratefully accepted fine words in lieu of land and wage-increases, knew that they had pronounced a prophecy. For now, except where the fascists have the upper hand, Spain is a Republic of workers of all kinds.

The sensationalists, innocents, and calamity howlers have obscured, with shouts of "Communism" or horrified whispers of "Anarchy," the simple truth that a people has been set free from feudal bondage. In terms of the land and the factory where "the people" make their bread, the changes that have taken place can be studied statistically. Yet what a lack of perspective it would require to bury one's head in Year Books when the living, shouting, laughing evidence is trampling on your very toes.

Spain is at war, yet the people smile. There cannot be fewer than 5000 wounded in Madrid hospitals alone, but there was never before such simple joy of living in Iberia. Angelina sees only the freedom of the new woman as she brags: "They have promised me a pistol tomorrow!" The numerous planes furnished by international Fascism may, before this reaches New York, have bombed us here in Madrid. But a people has obtained its freedom, and it finds no price too great.

Blue-overalled militiamen and women, with rifle or pistol, dominate the streets. That is the first and sharpest impression. Justly enough, too, for it is hard to doubt the statement that a rifle on every arm is the guarantee of freedom from tyranny. They belong to many different organizations, corps, even classes, these militiamen. But there is no danger of their dividing and forming against one another; even the police and guards are interlaced with the militia now. That group of twenty Assault Guards in the speed truck at the corner buys *Juventud*, the organ of the Unified Socialist Youth. There are political delegates carrying proletarian influence to every group of police and Civil Guards. There is a thread of unity already, and a plan for the greater integration of a people's army. The troops that defeat this People's Army on a grand scale will have to do the job all over again in detail, and in the process it will find its own forces melting into the People's Army.

There is a thing that somehow seems more important to me than the overall-dominated



streets. Perhaps it is less significant, yet it grips my imagination more: there are girls and couples on the streets of Spain. Here, too, is a powerful and compelling symbol of a democratized Republic. Arms are the guarantee of the new freedom, and women circulating freely in the streets is that freedom itself. It is hard to convey to relatively single-standard America what that means. Three weeks ago, Spain had come but a little way from Africa, from the stifling Moorish veil. Today it is in Europe. And what fresh and attractive girls, hidden away in sweatshops yesterday, have suddenly taken the place of the Carmens hiding in the cellar.

Why only yesterday, or only a month ago at any rate, they lived on the small chaff of life. Today they are world builders. Is it any wonder that they bubble? As I sit in an easy chair on the sidewalk before a former Casino, now the Feminine Recruiting Station for the Militia, the woman beside me addresses me in a Spanish of Catalan. I inquire as to her political affiliation.

"I have none," she confesses somewhat shamefacedly. "What could you expect? I was buried in the house with my two children. Three years ago my husband found a companion he liked better, and they went to Valencia. After that I had to make a living for my two kids. In that life, I knew nothing about what went on in the world. Suffering for us, and they have all. But no longer."

There is a fever of social construction. Hundreds of buildings taken from the church, religious orders, and aristocrats — all completely identified with the Fascist movement directed by the army officers—are being converted into schools, hospitals, orphan and foundling homes, nurseries, cultural centers.

All this under fire! Madrid, Barcelona, Bilbao, it is true, are relatively free of ordinary danger. The bulk of the navy, the majority of the artillery, the Assault and Civil Guards, and a militia whose reserves seem inexhaustible stand in the way of Fascism. Nevertheless, the nation is at war and fathers, brothers, even sisters and mothers have fallen before the rebel officers and their troops, the riffraff of the world in the Foreign Legion, and Moorish mercenaries, assisted by such deceived or terrorized recruits as can be mobilized in the territories they hold. The nation is at war, and the civil front is but the rear guard of the People's Front in the Guadarramas and elsewhere. The certainty of victory held by all sections of the population does not alter the danger of sudden air raids, of heavy losses before the issue is settled. Franco's troubles in Morocco, where the murder of tribal leaders has intensified the uneasiness aroused by the Fascist maneuvers; friction between leaders as evidenced by the removal of Colonel Aranda from the Oviedo command; daily desertions from the ranks of the rebels; all these things promise ultimate victory, but they do not prevent execution of the hostages taken by the Fascists.

Beyond lies a victory over the classes desperately supporting the revolt of the generals. And as this rebellion—or rather, this counter-revolution—has obtained powerful political and military support from German and Italian fascism, military victory is considered a sufficient task for the day. Moreover, the specter of intervention emphasizes the fact that it will be a long time before the last fascist has been disarmed. A long and bitter struggle is anticipated by Republicans, Socialists, Communists, and Anarchists alike.

Spain is united today neither to establish Socialism nor to destroy Communism, but in defense of the democratic Republic against feudal, clerical, and military Fascism. That is why the Republicans (the bourgeois democrats) thankfully accept the initiative of Communist, Socialist, and Anarchist workers and their organizations in mobilizing the forces of the Republic on the battlefield and consolidating it on the civil front. And that is why the Communists and Socialists, with strong, armed followings, are anxious to blend all armed forces into one People's Army: a militia neither of the parties nor over the parties. In such a People's Army the revolutionary workers of Spain are willing to fight for a democratic Republic with the limiting conditions of private ownership, against a fascism that would ruthlessly destroy parties, trade unions, progressives, liberals, culture, and Spain itself, rather than surrender the regime of feudal privilege.

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Here Lies Hearst

"It is no longer news that Hearst is a liar," remarked Earl Browder recently; this article shows just how the Lord of San Simeon has systematized his lying

By Groff Conklin

THERE is no man alive who can possibly organize a complete rationalization of the opinions of William Randolph Hearst. Like a child of five, or a gorilla, or a dictator, the Wizard of Wyntoon is socially irresponsible, answerable to nothing save his "conscience," the laws of libel, and the circulation figures of his twenty-six newspapers.

Yet there must be some method, some logic, at least in the presentation of his "opinions," if not in their selection. There must be, in other words, a kind of technique. It is the purpose of this article to attempt a specific analysis of these technical aspects of Hearst's propaganda: how much propaganda is there in his papers? What makes it effective? How is it done? What types of propaganda does he use most?

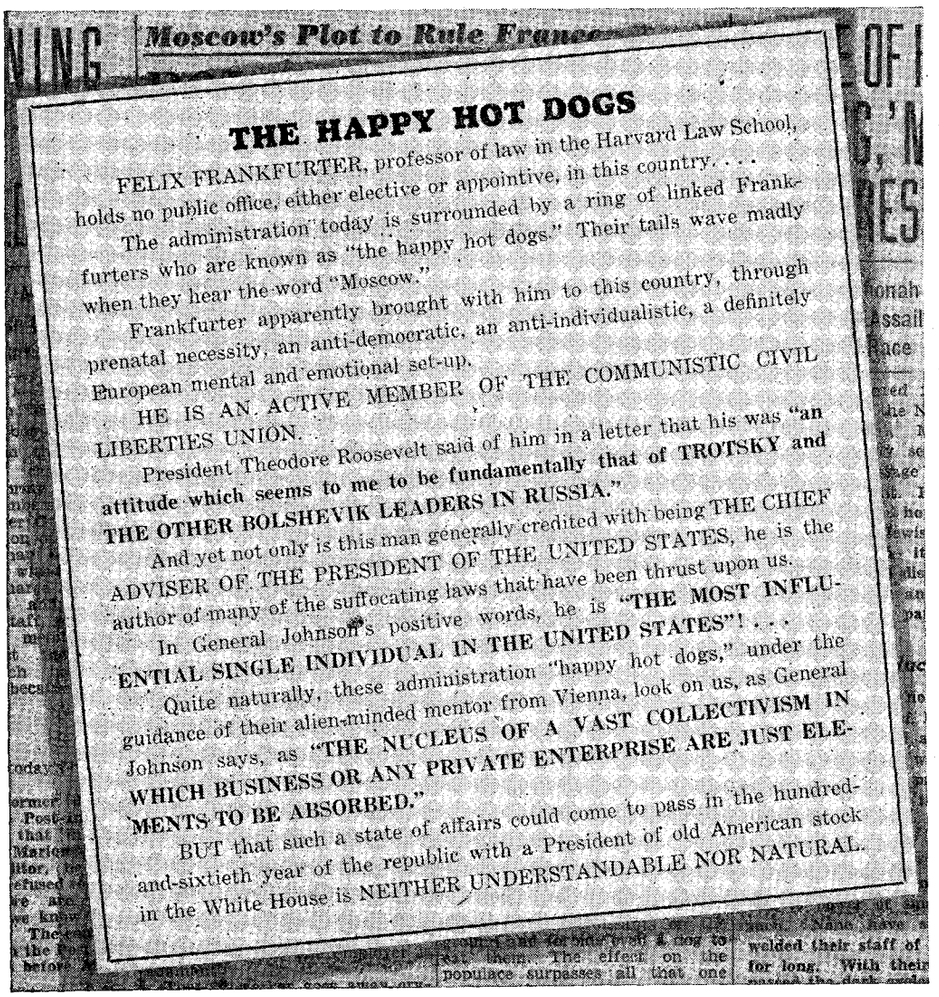
There are three primary, all-important weapons upon which the material techniques of propaganda are based. They are: *distortion, fabrication,* and *suppression.* Ever since the first attempt in history to control opinion, these have been the techniques by which vicious individuals who wish to rule people according to their own narrow ends have presented their particular viewpoints.

We find all Hearst news organs, from Boston to San Francisco and from Chicago to Atlanta, laden with vilification, lies, and distortion of the news, with the sole end in view of creating an insensate mass fear of Communism which will, at the same time (Hearst hopes), defeat "the communistic New Deal." The extent of this propaganda load varies from town to town, depending on the local situation and on the personality of the individual editors. In all cases, however, it is enormously heavy, and it is perhaps heaviest in the city of Chicago.

For reasons which need not be gone into here, Hearst's evening papers usually carry a much smaller load of propaganda than those which appear in the morning. The evening papers devote much more space to sex sensationalism, crime, and the like. Therefore, the Chicago *Herald & Examiner,* a morning paper with approximately 380,000 circulation, was chosen for this analysis. A consecutive series of fifty issues of the paper produced by Hearst and his Chicago editor, Victor Watson, was examined in order to discover exactly what its propaganda load was. The following quantitative statistics of propaganda stories in Hearst's Chicago *Herald & Examiner* for a fifty-day period were compiled:

Anti-New Deal (including all attacks on socialism in government, which in great numbers were anti-Communist at the same time)	667
Anti-Communist	168
Pro-Fascist (including praise of Mussolini and attacks on the Ethiopians, etc.)	121
Chauvinist (including all anti-British, pro-high-tariff, preparedness, anti-internationalism, and American-flag propaganda which did not fit into the above categories)	116
Total of Fascist-tendency propaganda stories in fifty issues	1,072
Average per issue	22

In these figures, neither unintentional propaganda (that which tends to integrate the reader's mind towards acceptance of the status quo, without any definite conscious propaganda intent or technique) nor that which was not directly anti-social in intent, such as the flagrant propaganda for Warner Brothers' pictures and stars, is included. The grand total represents only the amount of such material as actually bore the marks of Hearst's direct perversion of the facts or the truth for anti-social fascist ends.



Moscow's Plot to Rule France

THE HAPPY HOT DOGS

FELIX FRANKFURTER, professor of law in the Harvard Law School, holds no public office, either elective or appointive, in this country. . . .

The administration today is surrounded by a ring of linked Frankfurters who are known as "the happy hot dogs." Their tails wave madly when they hear the word "Moscow."

Frankfurter apparently brought with him to this country, through prenatal necessity, an anti-democratic, an anti-individualistic, a definitely European mental and emotional set-up.

HE IS AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF THE COMMUNISTIC CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION.

President Theodore Roosevelt said of him in a letter that his was "an attitude which seems to me to be fundamentally that of TROTSKY and THE OTHER BOLSHEVIK LEADERS IN RUSSIA."

And yet not only is this man generally credited with being THE CHIEF ADVISER OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, he is the author of many of the suffocating laws that have been thrust upon us.

In General Johnson's positive words, he is "THE MOST INFLUENTIAL SINGLE INDIVIDUAL IN THE UNITED STATES"! . . .

Quite naturally, these administration "happy hot dogs," under the guidance of their alien-minded mentor from Vienna, look on us, as General Johnson says, as "THE NUCLEUS OF A VAST COLLECTIVISM IN WHICH BUSINESS OR ANY PRIVATE ENTERPRISE ARE JUST ELEMENTS TO BE ABSORBED."

BUT that such a state of affairs could come to pass in the hundred-and-sixtieth year of the republic with a President of old American stock in the White House is NEITHER UNDERSTANDABLE NOR NATURAL.

One of the more incredible but by no means rare examples of extreme distortion and fabrication produced by the Hearst lie factories. This example from the Chicago Herald & Examiner illustrates the Hearst typographic technique.

IT IS by practice of certain well-defined techniques that the newspaper propagandist attains his effects, and these techniques, as analyzed here, have been charted wholly from the workbooks of the practising journalist. They are of a sort that any newspaper reader can discover for himself if he takes the trouble.

The five basic methods whereby the news-

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paper propagandist puts across his message are as follows: the use of (1) language, (2) position, (3) typography, (4) repetition, and (5) omission. An estimate of the effect of Hearst as a propagandist involves a thorough evaluation of the practice in his papers of all these five techniques.

1. LANGUAGE. The most important weapon in Hearst's propaganda armory is language. On it depends a large part of the success of his work; and the expert practice of the other techniques is worthless if language is not handled adroitly.

As Hearst and his men practice the art of language, the most effective tool is their vocabulary of color words. A color word is one toward the meaning of which the average reader is already conditioned to act in the way the propagandist wishes. Because of the reader's constant and habitual association of these words with other objects of hatred or disapprobation, they conduce to an *unreasoned* acceptance of the propagandist's message. Such a vocabulary of preconditioned meanings brings about automatic responses on the part of the reader, and keeps him from thinking.

A list of some of the color words and phrases most used in Hearst's propaganda follows. Some are used, it will be noted, to bring about favorable responses, though by far the greater number are used as unfavorable integrators.

Red	maimed veterans	left-wing
Communist	preparedness	subversive
socialist	American flag	internationalistic
Raw Deal	propaganda	flagrant
New Deal	bomb	insidious
Russian	outrage	Jeffersonian
Mussolini	Roosevelt	constitutional
Il Duce	Tugwell	colossal
dictator	Brain Trust	European
(both favorable and unfavorable, depending on the context.)	cure-all	economical
	little fellow	prodigal
	citizen	to jam through
	League of Nations	to perpetrate
alien	czar	to reveal
sedition	atheist	to allege
taxpayers	nudist	to plot
labor	Moscow	to incite
strikes	Stalin	to unite against
labor strife	Leninism	to combat
veterans	foreign	to assail
	radical	to smash
	social	to spread

The combining of words into epithets is another facet of the use of color words. Examples of this are Brisbane's tag for Ethiopians, "hippopotamus-eating barbarians"; the editor's label for the Brain-Trust's young men, "Frankfurter's Happy Hot Dogs"; and the general anti-New Deal slogan, "soak the rich." In addition, the habitual use of the compound "so-called" to give a false color to the factual noun or phrase following is a distinguishing feature of the Hearst writer's vocabulary.

Distortion and simplification, two other subtechniques in the use of language, can best be illustrated by the use of examples. The most effective handling of these is to be found in news stories rather than in straight editorials. In the majority of Hearst's editorial comment there is less distortion and simplification than there is good old-fashioned invective and abuse.

Nevertheless, the most skillful of Hearst's men at the misuse of language is an editorial writer, Arthur Brisbane. In the case of the Ethiopian situation, which at the time of the survey was occupying the front pages of all the newspapers, Brisbane was crystal clear—as clear as he is now in his hostile attitude toward the Spanish government. It was a hard task to seduce the American people into a defeatist view of Mussolini's murder parade into Ethiopia, and so, instead of devoting most of his space to praising Mussolini and fascism generally, Brisbane very cunningly took the course of trying to brutalize the Ethiopians in American eyes; tried to show that Italy's invasion was a new crusade to bring the illimitable benefits of civilization to a backward race. I put on the record a few exhibits, all quotes from the *Herald & Examiner:*

> It is inconceivable that European countries should risk a war in Europe to come for the sake of maintaining the right of Ethiopia to continue the business of selling slaves and mutilating children.

> The Emperor's proclamation adds that any not reporting for duty immediately will be hanged. He himself has not gone to the front yet, but may go at any time. [This refers to Haile Selassie, of course.]

> Ethiopian chiefs get rich—for Ethiopia—selling their subjects into slavery, and the British tell of fathers and mothers selling their children for "forty to sixty dollars" each. The League of Nations and our Washington dodos will not let Mussolini interfere with that situation.

The subtleties of these quotations show that the doddering old platitudinist still has a dreadful sort of brilliance which he can pull out of a drawer of his mind when he needs to, and use in a way that would make Herr Goebbels shudder with envy.

The best straight news selections illustrating distortion usually come under an International News Service by-line; it is this service that is devoted to the task of daubing colors on the political events of the day. The piece that follows appeared on page one of the *Herald & Examiner,* under a seven-column headline:

> UTILITIES HOLDING ACT RULED ILLEGAL
>
> The Rayburn-Wheeler "death-sentence" public utilities act was declared unconstitutional today in a smashing opinion by Federal District Judge William C. Coleman.
>
> The decision temporarily outlaws the cornerstone of the administration's power policies, which was jammed through the last Congress at the personal insistence of President Roosevelt.

Note the use of the words "smashing," "declared unconstitutional," "outlaws," "cornerstone," "jammed," "personal insistence," and especially "illegal" instead of "unconstitutional" in the headline.

Masterful a job of tinting as that is, the

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best use of flaming color words, distortion, and over-simplification can be found in the incredible and libelous anti-Communist stories which constantly appear in Hearst's papers. The following piece of blatant propaganda appeared at the top of page one of the *Herald & Examiner* one Monday under the headline: "U. S. Funds Teach Socialism."

Commonwealth College, Arkansas, so-called "Communist university," to which the Roosevelt administration contributed four scholarships last year, teaches social revolution and "left-wing" labor doctrines, it was revealed today.

It is the most amazing school of its kind in the country, according to evidence before the Arkansas joint legislative investigating committee, just made public.

It has a Socialist local and a Communist faction. It has teachers who are atheists and students who go in for nudist bathing and practice "free love," the testimony shows.

Two of its former presidents, Dr. W. E. Zeuch and Dr. Lucien Koch, were given high federal jobs in Washington by the administration, and thus joined the Roosevelt "brain trust."

No formal qualifications are required of students, except that they must have "alert interest in social problems confronting the countries of the world." It appears from the testimony that even those expelled from other colleges for red activities would not find it difficult to enroll. . . .

They [the students] addressed various farm and labor meetings, inciting farm tenants and workers to strike, it was testified.

In this piece the language technique of Hearst's unhappy robots is exhibited at its worst best. Chance never directed the choice of that collection of words; the propagandist was scientifically aware of the effect of his vocabulary, and used it accordingly.

One of the insidious ways by which Hearst gets propaganda into his "news" is to use quotations from interviews and the like, usually with anti-Communist, anti-New Deal individuals. The reporter almost always preserves his fiction of impartiality by making his own words quite colorless; but the selections he uses from his subject's remarks are chosen with great calculation to give the reader the opinions that Hearst wants them to have. Take this interview with Silas Strawn by Earl Reeves, which appeared in the *Herald & Examiner* one Sunday:

"We have been hearing much argument along two major lines of thinking, both fallacious. These are:

"FIRST—that increased taxation is a basis for prosperity, that we can tax and spend ourselves rich again.

"SECOND—that there is not enough work to be done, and therefore we must have the thirty-hour week.

"Regarding the first, continuous increases in the burden of taxation today constitute the biggest single obstacle in the way of recovery.

"As for the second, scores of billions of dollars' worth of work waits to be done, when courage can be released by greater sanity in government and a radical reduction in tax squandering.

"Moreover, a thirty-hour week at forty-hour wages—which is the proposal—would add at least one-third to labor costs on all products, and that would increase prices, restrict the market for commodities, and further retard recovery."

This quote, complete with its incredible economics and its ridiculous assumptions, is, incidentally, an excellent example of the

Ben Yomen

"There's a pacifist on our faculty, Miss Throgbottom. I'm sure we could make room for you instead."

subtlest of the language-techniques in Hearst's propaganda, namely, simplification. The authoritarian, arrogant way in which the statements are made obviously influences the credulous reader to believe; and the simplified presentation makes it simple for him to understand.

2. POSITION. The two physical elements of the presentation of propaganda which are subsidiary to but which reinforce the language principle are position and typography.

The effect of a piece of propaganda will in the first place depend on its position in the paper. The editorial page is most used: so much so that perhaps 65 percent of its content is uniformly propaganda. An actual quantitative breakdown of the comparative distribution of colored writing reveals that the propaganda in the average Hearst paper is one third in the editorial columns (all appearing on one page) and two thirds in the news columns (scattered throughout the balance of the paper's thirty-odd pages).

Because of this concentration on the editorial page, *this page is likely to be relatively unimportant as a vehicle of propaganda.* It is too thick. It will not convince any but those already convinced. Those who read Hearst for entertainment and for practical information will skip it. The editorial page fractures one of the primary rules of propaganda: it is not interesting.

The most valuable page is, of course, page one. Other valuable spots are the "page facing editorial," which Bernard Smith so burningly described in the *New Republic* some months ago, and the financial pages. Less used, but often carrying some especially vicious examples (such as the various series of filthy fairy-tales Hearst pays renegades from the U.S.S.R., wives disappointed in love, and hack-writers for *Amazing Stories* to write about the Soviet Union) are the inside news pages.

Position on the page plays an equally important part in this connection. In the *Herald & Examiner* the important propaganda stories are always placed conspicuously at the top of the page, often under streamer headlines. This is true both of editorials and of so-called news. Moreover, the makeup men of this paper have a custom of reserving certain spots on the front page and other pages for their most highly colored outbursts; for instance, the third and fourth columns from the left on the front page are practically always sure to bear some prize anti-Soviet or anti-New Deal piece; and on the page facing editorial the last two columns to the right are usually reserved for anti-administration attacks.

3. TYPOGRAPHY. Here the hand of the propagandist gets in some of its neatest licks. The headline is his sharpest weapon: it attracts the eye; its message is likely to seep in to even the dullest intelligence. There were some classic examples in the *Herald & Examiner*—for instance, this seven-column streamer headline: "Bomb Terror by Milwaukee Reds!"

In the three-quarters of a column devoted to the story which came under this inspiring phrase, the following single line contained the *only reference* to radicals: "Police believe the terrorists are maniacal reds." Nowhere else in the whole piece was there any reference to what, by the headline, one was led to believe was the chief news in the story—the Communists are attacking!

Hearst's headline writers are expert in their use of color words. Constant repetition of such words in the extremely strong position that a headline gives them undoubtedly tends to fix opinions as Hearst wishes them to be fixed. Here are a few examples, culled from the front page alone during the period of study:

U. S. DEBT RISING $7,000 A MINUTE

RED COLLEGE EX-PRESIDENTS IN BRAIN TRUST

U. S. FUNDS TEACH SOCIALISM!

ROOKIE POLICEMAN KILLS RED GUNMAN*

LABOR REBELS AT PWA BUYING ABROAD

ANOTHER LAW OF ROOSEVELT UPSET

NEW TAX THREAT TO LITTLE FELLOW

BACK NEW DEAL, OR NO MORE JOBS!

Where in that list is there one single phrase which tells the news? Every one of them *interprets* the news.

Less effective, but equally distinctive and especially Hearstian, is the typographical mayhem committed upon news stories and, more especially, upon editorials. Some say that this method is an invention of Hearst's; certainly he has been using it for years.

There are six prime factors which distinguish the Hearstian typography. These are: the use of (1) capitals, (2) large-size type, (3) bold-face type, (4) boxes (the enclosing of a news story or an editorial inside of rules, to make them stand out), (5) spacing (extra spaces between the lines), and (6) special

* The "Red gunman" was a 65-year-old drunkard, obviously a psychopathic case.

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punctuation, including especially the exclamation point and the ubiquitous and deceiving quotation marks.

The sample on page 14 gives most of the above points in compact, convenient reference form; it is quoted from the *Herald & Examiner*. Only the box has been added, since no other example could be found which combined all of the six techniques in quotable form. Outside of the box, the editorial appeared as is.

4. REPETITION. The fourth factor in Hearst's propaganda technique is repetition. Repetition, not only from day to day, but, for each day, repetition on each page of the paper, and in myriad different forms. Using the three active principles of position, typography, and vocabulary to their greatest and most vicious effect, Hearst and his lieutenants pour out a gluey stream of propaganda so thick and so continuous that it must eventually have its effect on the paper's readers.

Twelve hundred pieces of blatant propaganda in fifty days—twenty-two pieces in an average issue. It is an enormous load. Outside of reports of crime, death, catastrophe, sex, and occasional soporific human-interest stories without which no paper is complete, it can be said that the whole paper is propaganda, intentional or unintentional.

The editorial page is, as has been pointed out, nearly a solid mass of the most violent and distorted kind of "opinion." Page one, with its immediate attention value, its constant use of streamer headlines, and its equally constant violation of the convention that the first page of a paper is always all news, is highly important. So is the "page facing editorial," where a wide variety of anti-Communist stories are printed.

Although a large percentage of the content of the financial pages should be classified as unintentional pro-capitalist propaganda, some of B. C. Forbes's pompous pronouncements are definitely propaganda in intent and method. Forbes's best effort was a story he told in the *Herald & Examiner,* too long to quote here, of a benevolent old employer who converted a Communist into a loyal American working man *by not firing him,* and by preaching Americanism at him. The fellow was blubbering at the employer's feet before he was through. It was Forbes who coined the most extraordinary phrase in American labor history when he referred to America's proletariat as "our work-folk."

The sports pages were relatively free of positive bias, although Hearst's Nazi attitude toward the Olympics was occasionally expressed by the sports columnists and in straight news stories, in which praise for the international-friendship aspect of the situation was emphasized, and the dragging of politics into the realms of "amateur sport" was decried.

While the society sections were without outright, intentional propaganda, the element of unintentional pro-capitalist persuasion made each and every page reek with the happy perspiration of imperialism at play. One of the best examples of this obnoxious kind of perversion was in the high-pressure publicity which was given to Irene Castle's Pooch Ball —a benefit party the proceeds of which went to her home for indigent dogs.

In the straight entertainment sections, the rapid-fire sales talk for a couple of the Hearstian properties which took place in the motion-picture section in every day's issue of the fifty examined was as nasty an example of the venality of his policies as was found in the whole survey. Warner Brothers and their films and stars received so constant and high-pressure a promotion that it seemed as if nothing but their publicity releases appeared in the section. Moreover, Marion Davies "looked perfectly lovely" in nearly a quarter of the issues examined.

Thus practically every page in the *Herald & Examiner* bore the dirty finger-prints of the Chief. Every columnist to a greater or lesser extent revealed his obligation to Hearst by adding his mite to the propaganda pile; cartoons, comic strips, and occasional news photographs supplemented the screaming array of words. Five fascist-tendency adventure cartoon strips were identified; they glorified the life of the soldier, the detective, or the rowdy. The political cartoons, of course, were all solid propaganda of the worst and most sickening type.

It was during this period that Hearst began introducing his ludicrously ineffective colored cartoons, which since then have become so typical of his editorial pages. Only a mind-reader can discern why Hearst seized upon this particular technique, since, concealed as it is on an inside page, it does not sell papers, nor has it strong propaganda value since the color serves only to distract attention from the message. A few have appeared on page one.

News photos of the war in Ethiopia frequently featured the military splendor of Mussolini and his army, or the squalor and the fanaticism and cowardice of the Ethiopian natives. Peculiarly enough, in the whole survey very little, either in words or in pictures, was found that was explicitly pro-Nazi; the supposition is that Hitler was too hot even for Hearst to handle.

Fritz

Hearst Press

The suffocatingly fascist nature of Hearst's propaganda, infiltrated as it was throughout the whole paper, needs little more comment. It is universally known. But the things he leaves out are the most reprehensible and criminal of all his propaganda techniques.

5. OMISSION. The omission principle of propaganda is not, in a sense, a technique. Rather, it is a policy. And in certain aspects, this policy is the greatest, most unforgivable scandal in the whole newspaper world, not only in the case of Hearst, although he leads the van, but also in the cases of all of the reactionary newspaper publishers in this country.

What is omitted? The net effect of reading the *Herald & Examiner* for nearly two months is to lead one into the belief that *the labor situation, that labor as a class, that labor's fight for justice and a fuller life, simply do not exist.*

What unemployment there is, is due to the New Deal in toto, according to the Watson-Hearst propaganda cannonading. The unemployed are not only supported in comfort by boondoggling and sizable relief checks, but (a) they are ungrateful, and occasionally strike against their patrons, or (b) they are degenerating into a race of drones who will always refuse honest work when it is offered to them.

Two or three times local strikes were reported. An engineers' strike on the Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy Railroad was written up because of the fact that the strike might inconvenience the commuters. A sensational story of an abortive strike in the movie operators' ranks was printed primarily because it enabled the editor to drag in the racketeering aspects of labor unionization. A few other mentions of strikes were printed—not, certainly, more than six—so phrased that all the blame for the strike and any violence attending it would fall on the worker.

By suppressing the news of the labor movement, by lying about the motives of strikes and labor organizing whenever such things are mentioned, by distorting the facts about the nature of the employer (especially on the financial pages), by constantly and habitually daubing a red paintbrush over every bit of labor news that he and his editors are forced to print, William Randolph Hearst writes himself down as the most criminal power in American publishing. He is strong. The only way to beat him to his knees is to break down the circulation of his papers by mass boycott, by protesting to his advertisers against their appearing in his paper, and by earnest and continued explaining to those who still read his papers the filthiness and flagrant lying of his news.

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Lady Nicotine's Debut

The annual coming-out of the tobacco crop finds the farmers, gamblers all, lambs to the slaughter by the big buyers and a horde of floating sharpers

By Rufus Colfax Phillips

ALL through the misty autumn night heavy-laden wagons and trucks rumble through town and into the doors of cavernous warehouses. Perched high on top of carefully piled and blanketed tobacco are boys and men shivering with cold and excitement; young and old, black and white, they whoop and sing. This is their yearly pilgrimage and their great adventure.

After driving into their favorite warehouse, to which they have been drawn by tradition or by the promises and bribes of warehouse scouts, they will troop, part to the "white camp," part to the "colored camp," and there in fetid rooms around red-bellied stoves drink and sing and yarn the night through, their bellies taut in anticipation of the pride and riches, the drinks and dazzling town girls, the golden tomorrow will bring when the Bright Belt Market opens. . . . Unhumble men, they are more gamblers than farmers; loving honor and music, strong liquor and hunting and tales of faithless women and fine dogs. They are ignorant, innocent, and very proud.

Down Main Street in the John Randolph Hotel "big buyers," "speculators," and "pinhookers" are playing all-night poker, phoning for "chasers" or sending the bellhop for one of the "babes." Near the railroad depot the Commercial House is jammed with bedbugs and Medicine Show people, with "sheet writers," shills, and small racketeers.

Over in the hollow, Jigtown is sleeping, happy in tumbledown shacks. Tomorrow every "boy" can find a man's job in the warehouse and feel cash money in his pocket. And in this year of the death of the A.A.A. 1936, the merchants dream of increased bank loans and new stocks while their wives have visions of new cars and Richmond clothes. Tomorrow is the day they have looked forward to for eight long months — their milch cow, the tobacco farmer, has come to town.

BY EIGHT O'CLOCK the next morning, in the warehouses (Farmers, Planters, The Square Deal) which by lot have drawn the first sale, the tobacco will have been arranged by piles, in neat close rows running up and down the 400-foot length of the warehouse floor. Each pile of symmetrical bundles rests in a large, flat basket of hickory strips and each will have been tagged by the warehouse clerk with the owner's name, its weight, and with a mystic symbol which tells the approximate grade to the auctioneer. Each pile, whether it weighs fifty pounds or five hundred, must be sold separately to the highest bidder.

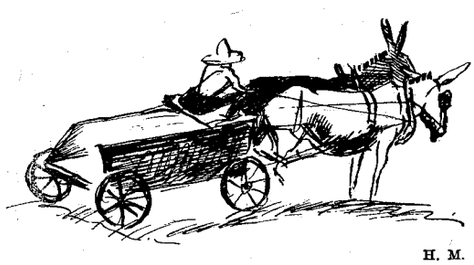
By nine o'clock the buyers, bored, superior, and blear-eyed, come straggling in. Now farmers nervously "pull" a few doubtful leaves, straighten and smooth each hand-tied bundle, perfecting the traditional design of each pile. And as the buyers gather, smart cracking, at the head of a row, many planters scramble frantically for a last word to the scout who lured them in, or to some buyer they have influenced with quail, hogs, turkeys, chickens, or whiskey, in order to make previous promises of high prices hold.

The buyers in $100 suits but unshaven stand godlike and cynical. "Sure! Sure thing, I'll fix you up." And then aside to another buyer. "Poor bastard, he brought me round a dozen partridge. I'll give him a little show—if I remember. Haw! Haw!"

The warehouseman, anxious and fussy as a hen, tries to get things moving. "C'mon boys, let's go! Good tobacco! Good tobacco!" The auctioneer picks up a ticket and starts his ancient incomprehensible song. The Big Show is on and it is easy to believe the proud insistence of antiquarians who say that not a detail of the whole procedure has changed in the last 150 years.

The big-company buyers scarcely glance at the piles of planter's gold, closing their ears and hearts to the sometimes hysterical pleas of farmers for just a few more cents a pound. (Occasionally a farmer will kneel on his pile and pray.) Even if these lordlings wished, they could not do otherwise. Their orders are to buy a certain poundage of tobacco within a given price range. If they pay a price above their orders they will be fired, and if they fill their contract at a lower average they will get a bonus. These big buyers constitute 80 percent of the purchasing power. Thus, auction or no auction, the price is set beforehand by three or four of the leading tobacco companies and the farmer has to take it or leave it.

The small buyers, the speculators and the "pinhookers," create whatever noise or excitement there is on the buying side. While farmers wince (they've given each plant the care of an orchid), these gamblers trample the tobacco piles, pull bundles from underneath, and with traditional poker faces occasionally make the mysterious private signals which are their bids. One winks, another raises an eyebrow or straightens his tie or spits "ambeer," and the pile is sold and the line passes on. To the uninitiated the headlong procedure is entirely mad: the strange wailing and totally jumbled song of the auctioneer and the deaf-and-dumb signs of the buyers; every detail immutably set by tradition.



H. M.

FOR THE first few moments, the bidding is usually dull and the prices low. The first piles are mostly "lugs," the damaged lower leaves. But as the buyers shake off their hangovers and the auctioneer warms up his whistle, the piles begin to show sleek bundles of golden yellow, with the leaves both broad and long.

The chief warehouseman, who has stage-managed this distribution, now becomes excited. Jumping on a pile of tobacco at the head of and between the lines of buyers, he waves his arms windmill fashion. "Fine tobacco boys! Wrapper tobacco. Joe Childress's tobacco [A prominent farmer]. Help us out boys! Bid 'em up." The buyers appear deaf. They know his game and will play ball with him to a certain extent. Grinning sarcastically they pull out bundles, spread leaves, sniff the heady aroma, and then, as if disgusted, spit and throw the bundles on the floor. But the line pauses, nevertheless, and sometimes in his eagerness to establish a high price the warehouseman will bid himself, the winking and the eyebrow pulling becomes apparent, and the auctioneer's closing price this time can easily be distinguished.

"Seventy—Reynolds!" (This news will soon be over town and headlined in the papers.)

Behind him a planter lets go a lungful of breath. "Godamighty! Seventy cents a pound! An' my pile's next and jest as purty as his'n."

But the next pile, though of the same or better grade, will go for thirty cents. The small farmer sighs, "Well, thuty, t'ain't so bad." He knows he cannot buck the game and that the cards are stacked, but from year to year he nevertheless dreams and hopes and tells of how he just missed getting "that seventy." As soon as a pile is sold a husky Negro permanently attached to a scoop-like handtruck will pull it out of line and, in a yelling headlong race with a hundred "boys," stack it in his buyer's pile.

Prices fluctuate violently. An old Negro, sometimes hired, will put on an act. "H'ep

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Uncle Silas, Cap'n," he will shout with his hat in his hands. "H'ep pore Silas, massas." The buyers will kid with him and "up" his price a few cents. Occasionally a pretty girl will stand behind her father's or her husband's pile. "Well, if it ain't little old good-looking herself." An exchange of wit never fails to bring good prices. In one line prices may vary from five cents for lugs to ninety cents for wrappers. "Wrappers" are used on high-grade chewing plug, but most of the tobacco is for cigarettes.

Prices vary from hour to hour and day to day and from warehouse to warehouse; the weather, the temperature, the humidity, the amount of sunlight, and even the Spanish war affect them greatly. Each farmer and planter (a "farmer" plants up to three or four acres of tobacco, a "planter" from there on up) has his own established rules and hunches and superstitions regarding the best times to sell. The speculators and "pinhookers" capitalize on these notions. These gentlemen buy only for resale, usually on the same day and if possible without involving capital, particularly their own.

They must know something about tobacco and be able to judge the temperature of the buying fever. They bid cautiously and without ostentation, trying to edge in below the big buyers. They are the knockers and disparagers of all tobacco, trying to keep prices down *while they are buying.* Often these "pinhookers" can make a deal with the auctioneer to throw them occasional piles of tobacco before the bidding gets hot. This is not so difficult in view of the bewildering speed at which all transactions are put through and in the face of the gossipy, wandering interest of the big buyers. If someone squawks, the auctioneers can crawl easily enough. "Sorry boys, I reckon I git goin' too fast. . . ." And he puts the pile up for sale again.

In the meantime, Mr. Pinhooker has been kept informed by confederates as to how prices are running in other warehouses, and after taking stock of his position, will call his "nigger," who will load and haul the tobacco he has bought on tick to another warehouse. Here, still posing as a buyer instead of a seller, he and his confederates will bid up his own tobacco (still tagged with the farmer's name) until his previous purchase price is passed. He may likewise hire a stooge in the form of a farmer, the ancient Negro, or the pretty girl. Moreover, an occasional big buyer, a friend or backer, will give him a break, figuring that it won't hurt the company to pay a few cents more a pound occasionally and why not help a friend and rake in a little money on the side?

In this manner the Pinhooker can often double his money in one day and at scarcely any risk and without the investment of a cent. Often he will buy the same pile of tobacco several times in one day and sometimes he may have to haul it to three or four different warehouses before he can dispose of it at a profit. At the end of the day, when settling time comes, if he hasn't been able to make a turnover he can usually bamboozle the original farmer-owner into taking the tobacco back.

Some $200,000,000 worth of tobacco is sold in this archaic and demoralizing fashion every year. There are no futures and no standard grades. Prices are entirely controlled by the three or four great tobacco companies.

In South Boston, Virginia, a town of 5000 population, some $10,000,000 is paid to farmers for their tobacco each good year. Practically this full amount is turned loose in the town during the four months' buying period: which possibly explains why, following the lead of the orange, the apple, the potato, and the peach, South Boston's Lions Club has inaugurated a yearly National Tobacco Festival.

The farmer who pays for this is not particularly impressed, but how he loves to spend his millions on simpler pleasures! His check may run up into the thousands or it may be a mere pittance, but in any case it represents the fruits of an entire year of toil. You may be certain then that he hurries to the first bank and turns his check into "cash money." The bank will probably get some of it on past-due notes, but very little in deposits. The farmers are still bank-shy, and besides they want to hold and fondle and show the magic stuff for a while.

During the past two years the bright-tobacco farmer has been able to average slightly better than twenty cents a pound for his crop, which provides him with a living income. He is therefore favorably disposed toward Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal. But in spite of the allotment system, restricted acreage, and the destruction of excess tobacco, this year's crop set an all-time record and the price dropped an average of seven cents a pound. Even government agents admit that but for unusually favorable weather and the resultant high quality of the crop, prices must have fallen further.

The big companies are reported as encouraging farmers in Maryland, Delaware, and

Crucifixion Lithograph by J. Vogel

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New Jersey to raise bright tobacco, since these states have the same type of soil as that found in the "bright belt" of Virginia and North Carolina. Moreover, since the Supreme Court decision regarding A.A.A., the big buyers have raised their prices, with possibly two motives in view: one to demonstrate that the A.A.A. has not been responsible for the higher prices, and the other to encourage the farmer to plant a larger acreage next year.

WATCH that farmer there on the banking floor, counting and recounting with stiff, clumsy hands. He turns and smooths each bill caressingly. Painstakingly he figures out the shares to sons, relatives, tenants, everyone who has helped make his crop. They huddle together over counters or on street corners and figure and refigure. Some are beaming and some downcast, but all are determined, once they have a hold on their bit, to "have themselves a time." Where they have shambled before they now walk proudly, like men, and cast their cares away. The liquor stores do a land-office business. And then suddenly the Philistines are upon them.

"Sheet writers" and phonies of all kinds collect like flies. These sheet writers are one of the traditional phenomena of all tobacco markets, along with adepts at the "pocket-book trick." They are subscription agents for the type of magazine which exists through large free circulation and paid advertising. A poor but honest-appearing man with a southern accent (all Yankees are too slick), or a good-looking girl, approaches a likely-looking yokel and, holding out a ten-cent knife or fountain pen, inquires if the gentleman has received his premium.

"No? Well suh, yere 'tis and absolutely free. Just sign here for a one year's subscription to the *Axgrinder Magazine.* Yais suh! Right on this line. Now! That will be just $1.50." If the farmer hands over a five or a ten-dollar bill he rarely receives any change in return. He will be argued into just that many years' subscriptions instead. Being shy and hating a scene, the farmer usually takes his medicine. Oh yes, he will receive the magazine, though the whole amount of the subscription price is clear profit to the sheet writer. Small potatoes? Well, one syndicate cleans up an average of $500 a day in this small town during the height of the tobacco-selling season.

DESPITE such distractions, the local merchants get the biggest slice of the farmer's money. They pull the proud planter in from the sidewalk just as they do on Delancey Street in New York. They give commissions to "runners" and to "smart farmers" who will bring in their gang or their neighbors. They stock heavy and raise prices. They live in colonial mansions and collect ancestors and antiques. In any case the farmer and most of his money are usually parted the first day. When night comes he is lonely, disgusted, and disillusioned. He comes back to the warehouse like a homing bird and there, safe in the "camp" room with his fellows, he can drink and have some fun. The following Saturday, the women will have a crack at what is left. Then the streets will fill with children eating candy and with women enjoying the pleasant tortures of new shoes, new corsets, and new patent medicines.

For a few days a year, these farmers come to town and have money in their pockets. Warehouse dealings and the speculative atmosphere give them a sense of being men of affairs. They will soon return to the land and wait for another year—without money, lonely, dreaming of fortunes to be made on the coming crop—fortunes which are to be realized, but not by them.

Lithograph by John Groth

The Death of the Craneman

Happened like this: it was hot as hell
That afternoon, sand, stone dust, the sun,
We were in the mountains.
Drinking water was by the gasoline drum
We were all drinking like fish that day.
He must have come down from the crane
For a drink I guess, a cigarette
Might have done it, blew it bang up, that drum,
Like dynamite been dropped in it.
We came running down from the mountains.
The blacksmith got to him first: gasoline
Had made a bonfire of him, and we shouted
Craneman! Craneman! with the wops talking
Their language, and nobody knowing his name.
Standing there you could see him, a flame
Lighter and yellower than the sunlight,
And burning, hands and feet, his hair on fire,
Getting up from the ground, standing there,
Yelling out of the fire, flame shooting white
In the sunlight: Lemme alone! Lemme alone!
I'm all right!

Well, we get him here and here he dies.
And that's where we buried him out there,
In the goldenrod beyond them pines.
It's a Potter's Field and nobody'd care.
We dug the grave with our drills and hands.
You got to bury a guy somewhere.
Funny I thought as I looked at him
Blackened, with a pair of holes for eyes,
You bury a stiff and there he lies,
And Christ only knows where he come from
And whether there's kids somewhere or a dame.
We buried him like he came in this world,
A stiff, naked, without a name.

ALFRED HAYES.

★ ★ ★

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READERS' FORUM

From the Talavera front—Smirnov's "Shakespeare" again—bouquets and brickbats

● We have advanced today and yesterday, with the titanic effort that it takes to give battle here, a distance of 30 kilometers. And when dusk last fell we corralled the enemy in a whip of fire and he left behind him on the field machine-guns, a first-aid car, guns, trucks, prisoners, and corpses. Huge Moors they were, generously bitten by heavy black clouds of flies, those stubborn flies of Castile.

The enemy used an old tactic, common to the Moroccan fighters. It used the expanse of the plain, hard to garrison because of its vastness, to attempt a crushing movement on our flanks. And we resisted the attack, throwing back the avalanche, peasant riflemen pushing back the African regulars.

Fierce combat, and again they were driven back. The day was split with gunfire, resonant with artillery, the zooming of planes, the heavy bursting of bombs.

We held our own, heads glued to the fallow ground, our Mausers seeking the belly of the fascist tri-motor above us. The enemy's grapeshot set afire the stubble-field. That was all the damage it did. The sight of their fields, blackened by fire, brought greater vigor and fury to our peasants.

Today there is a pause for an inventory of our gains, for consolidating our positions and considering an advance. There is nervousness and unrest. A peasant speaks.

"I was over yonder, harvesting, and I said to myself—this looks bad. I changed my sickle for a rifle and came to fight. The whole gang came with me. We were thirty. And our thirty women remained there, because we can't let the crop be lost. But if this war is lost, crops will be of no use at all." He put aside his blanket and set about handling the mechanical teeth of his rifle.

E. L.

Milton Howard Replies

● Exigencies of space prevent me from making a detailed reply to Morris U. Schappes's criticism of my review of Smirnov's *Shakespeare*. But I wish that he had not so badly misconstrued my position, making my main arguments unrecognizable.

I tried to establish a sharp contrast between the legitimate and necessary attempt of our criticism to define the *general* moral and political ideas within which Shakespeare worked, and the attempt of the plays and the inner political history of the Elizabethan period. If Schappes will reread my review he will see that I hammered on the necessity of the first as against the falseness of the *second* method. But Schappes completely ignores my insistently drawn distinction, and thus argues at cross purposes with me, "detecting" all kinds of "dangerous" tendencies, and winds up by astonishingly accusing me of some kind of art-for-art's sake nonsense which he calls "Red aestheticism." I had expected something of this kind to happen, for it is the quick and easy reply of mechanistic criticism to cry "aestheticism" at the first sign of any consideration of literature which does not limit itself to sociological detective work. My main attack on Smirnov is not that he tried to establish Shakespeare's place in history, but that he went far beyond that and, like kids at Halloween, began to slap political labels on the back of every character in the plays, with the results noted in my review.

It is a queer theory of Schappes that Smirnov's autopsy on Shakespeare is justified by the fact that history is not yet ready to give us anything better. I know of no historical justification to be as obtuse as Smirnov is in his book. And I think we owe it to our readers to distinguish between an *explanation* of Smirnov's crudities as due perhaps to an undeveloped stage in our criticism, and a *justification* of these crudities as an argument for continuing them in our own writings.

For the other points, they are discussed in detail in my review. It is interesting to note that in the latest Soviet literary journals Smirnov's book is ripped apart for its "vulgar sociologism" (the phrase is D. S. Mirsky's, the Soviet critic who is, I believe, a weightier Marxist than the author of the booming extravagance [quoted by Schappes] from Brooklyn College).

MILTON HOWARD.

One of Many

● This is a fan letter. A clue in defense of your many inarticulate admirers might easily be their unwillingness to set down the obvious. The new NEW MASSES is simply swell. . . .

I do think the Readers' Forum space would be more properly used for "more letters from all over" than for protracted controversies of literary criticism, although that has a place in the magazine.

C. M.

Italian-Made Goods

● I wish to inform the readers of the NEW MASSES (and I hope that they in turn will inform their friends) that Macy's department store is literally flooded with Italian-made goods, selling at very low prices. It goes without saying that Italian-made goods should be boycotted. That is one of the major weapons the people can use to combat fascism.

JOHN FREEMAN.

Thanks; We Agree

● I wish to commend you for your fine choice in picking Marguerite Young to do the steel series. I feel she has done her best writing in this series.

B. D. P.

Film Casting Bureau

● Nykino, a film-producing unit composed of professional workers in New York, will from time to time need actors for their films. The unit is anxious to start a casting bureau. All those interested please send descriptions of themselves and their work (with photograph if possible) to me in care of the NEW MASSES.

PETER ELLIS.

And Now Chemistry

In *Out of the Night* Dr. Muller has done a fine job for zoölogy. Now what is wanted is for someone with somewhat similar prestige in the science of chemistry, if there be any such—and it can hardly be doubted that there is—to do a similar job for the latter science.

For chemistry, from the materialistic viewpoint—and what other viewpoint is possible today?—is, in the language in use today, no less than the science which includes all the other sciences. It is, in other words, the very science whose subject is precisely materials and all the aspects of materials. In brief: it is the science of very life itself. Its most significant message must therefore be the necessity of a relentless offensive from all quarters where life is deemed not merely the highest value but also the source and fountainhead of all lesser values—to repeat, of a relentless offensive against those which depend for their continued operation upon the very sacrifice and destruction of life. And these latter forces are conspicuously today seen to stem from the defenders of capitalism and in particular the modern phase of capitalism, which is monopolism at home and violent imperialism—the sacrifice of men for markets and raw materials, that is, beyond the seas.

CHEMIST READER.

On Aragon's Novel

● Samuel Putnam's review of Aragon's *The Bells of Basel* (NEW MASSES, Sept. 22) is a kind of political review of a work of art that is unfortunate as intrinsic art criticism and, in the long run, as political tactics. Putnam establishes that Aragon is a good *poet* and that he left the circle of bohemian rebels to become editor of *Commune,* etc. But all this does not make him a good *novelist,* and a better one than Jules Romains. Aragon's prose work is no novel, not even a connected story. When he introduces Clara Zetkin at the close of the book (to contrast her with the two decadent women), Aragon as much as confesses that her appearance at this stage of the story, at the Congress of Basel, has no *story*-connection with the other fiction characters; that is, Aragon admits the fatal weakness of his book as a *novel.* And this artistic limitation, I am afraid, carries with it a weakness of political propaganda as well.

VICTOR BURTT.

He No Like

● Why don't you take Farrell, Schappes, Hicks, and Schneider by the hand and lead them off to some quiet literary corner, say the *Nation,* where they can fight it out on those lines if it takes all summer—or all the rest of history, for that matter?

Writing as one who consistently reads the NEW MASSES because it takes a realistic view of live issues, I see in this ridiculous Farrell-Hicks bombast a dangerous harbinger that a really worthwhile publication might eventually languish and die up some obscure arty *cul-de-sac.* I don't know what started the row in the first place, and I don't particularly care. I do know, however, that since it started all concerned have really stuck their respective necks out, but far! . . .

DAVID REESE.

STARS TABLE ★
HEARST
Fox deal is ready to be signed . . . A Hollywood movie director has been hired to coach Presidential Candidate Alf Landon how to act, so he'll make a better showing in the newsreels.
RUSSIN

Russin

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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A Warning to Liberals

AS FAR BACK as last summer, it was predicted that the reactionaries behind Landon would try to "frame" President Roosevelt in order to discredit him with the electorate. It was said that Hearst particularly would imitate the notorious Zinoviev letter forged by the British tories to drive the Labor Party from office.

These predictions are now being fulfilled. The Hearst press has begun a campaign to show that Roosevelt is being supported by the Communists on orders from Moscow, and the Republican high command has followed suit.

Unfortunately, progressive men who ought to know better have aided this Red-baiting campaign. Few men in politics are more sincere in their desire to advance the interests of mankind than Norman Thomas; and few are slower to comprehend the objective effect of their words and deeds upon the very aims they would achieve. At the very moment when Hearst and the other Republican chiefs are spreading the lie that the Communists are backing Roosevelt, Mr. Thomas finds it necessary to add his voice to their sinister chorus. He repeated that canard first at the National Press Club in Washington, later at the *Herald Tribune* Forum.

Fortunately, those present at the *Herald Tribune* Forum had an opportunity to find out for themselves what the Communists really stand for. Earl Browder, Communist candidate for president, explained to the assembled guests:

1. The main strategy of the reactionaries in this country, as in Europe, is to raise the Red scare, the bogy of Socialism, of Marxism, the Red flag, Moscow, "orders from Stalin," the menace of "Jewish bolshevism." This is the song of Hitler, Mussolini, Hearst, and the Liberty League.

2. The reactionaries in this country say the choice in this election is between capitalism and socialism; they are the only exponents of capitalism; all others, including Roosevelt and his administration, stand for socialism. They make the same accusations against Roosevelt that they make against President Azaña of Spain in order to justify the present armed uprising of the fascists against the government recently elected by an overwhelming majority of the Spanish people. The open advocates of overthrowing democratic republican government by force and violence are led by the Hearst papers supporting Landon.

3. All this propaganda is based on lies. Roosevelt stands for capitalism, not for socialism. The Communists advocate socialism, but they say this is not the main issue in 1936. The main issue before America now is democracy or fascism.

4. The Communist Party makes its own decisions and does not receive orders from Moscow.

"Waaaah. Only Norman Thomas believes me!"

This was what Earl Browder said at the *Herald Tribune* Forum. To make matters unequivocal, he added: *"The Communists are not supporting Roosevelt, but put forward their own candidates."*

Already the New York *Sun* has published a wild tale that Zinoviev had a joint stock account with Roosevelt. Zinoviev is dead, of course, and cannot deny this fantastic lie. But anyone with the knowledge of a schoolboy knows that Zinoviev never left Russia after 1919, could not possibly have had any stock account anywhere, and never had any dealings with Roosevelt. But the fascists of America are ready, it seems, to emulate their fascist mentors in Germany. The forgeries and fabrications of the Reichstag fire trial have inspired Hearst to surpass even his own slimy record.

The reactionary press is too clever to palm off such lies upon its more sophisticated readers. The *Herald Tribune,* for instance, which supports Landon as ardently as Hearst, admits that the Communists are not backing Roosevelt.

There is method in the madness of the tories. Coughlin, whose fascist character has been exposed time and again in the Left press, has finally admitted the truth. To Dale Kramer, writing in the National Farm Holiday *News,* the priest said: "If a Communist government is elected, I will be out fighting it with a gun. The crisis will come before 1940. . . . *I take the road toward fascism.*

The Republicans, backed by Hearst and the Liberty League, cannot be that frank. Having lost all hope of *buying* the election of Landon, they hope to achieve that result by luring the people with false liberal phrases on the one hand, and on the other by terrifying them with the "Red" bogy.

The reaction hopes that by centering attention on a wholly imaginary united front of Browder, Roosevelt, Tugwell, Frankfurter, et al., it will divert the attention of the American people from the really terrifying fact that fascism menaces our republic, and from the very hopeful fact that a united front of all labor and liberal forces can destroy the fascist menace. Under these circumstances the disunity of America's progressive forces is criminal folly.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

A fine autobiography—rubber, liberal politics, and Sociologist Ross's life story

THREE SCORE, by Sarah N. Cleghorn (Random House, $3), belongs to that rarest and most valuable class of human documents, an autobiography which really gives with no unconscious self-defensive, self-pitying, or admiring twisting of the facts, an honest inside picture of the growth of a fellow human being. Even if the character portrayed were commonplace, the book would be precious for its effortlessly truthful self-revelation. In the sunny simplicity of its style, its tranquil unselfconsciousness, it opens wide the windows of the soul and welcomes you in. And of course Sarah Cleghorn's character is no ordinary one. As lovers of her verse know, she combines mysticism with poetry, loving-kindness (incredible as this seems) with a burning passion of resentment at social injustice, and a warmth and depth of personality that lends an indescribable charm to everything she writes about, whether she is great-heartedly rejoicing in the Russian Revolution, or reminiscing about the inimitably delicious flavor of freshly cooked cabbage.

To share life with such a person is a rare experience. It is so rare to find a creative artist able to communicate anything at all of the processes of creation that Miss Cleghorn's account of how her poetry is written has the delight of an exploration into unknown lands. She gives us not only the product (the book is satisfyingly full of her poems) but the new phase of spiritual life which from one phase to another of her years, gave birth to her poetry. We can follow the growth of her gift from the graceful lyrics of the Vermont countryside and characters which were her first subjects, broadening out little by little, as her own personality matured and expanded into the ecstatic beauty of "Sonnet of Wonder at Light," or the fiery passion of "Comrade Jesus," or the wide humanity of those ballads which are her latest poems.

As fascinating as the development of her poetry is the story of the growth in a typical late nineteenth-century young lady of social sympathies and international feeling. The emergence in the sedate home-keeping young woman of a consuming fire for righting injustice seems almost as mysterious as the traditional mystery of Shelley's development along such lines. But unlike Shelley, Sarah Cleghorn has set down just how it happened that a rather prim young lady, entirely surrounded by conventional people and conventional ideas, turned into one of the most wholehearted Socialists of the world. The story of how she found her own individual way to full social responsibility, out of a completely sheltered traditional life, is a thrilling one for all who believe in the urgent necessity for the speed of such responsibility. It was a straight path, made out of honest human sympathy. The same burning love and pity for the living things around her, which made her an anti-vivisectionist, led her into the Socialist Party as it stopped her this side of the Communist one. (For her compassion is all-inclusive. She is quite as capable of pitying capitalists and politicians as child workers.) It is this emotional, rather than intellectual approach to the social ideal that gives her socialist poetry such a wide appeal. There is more fellow-feeling and power in one quatrain of her unique ballads—like the one about Debs, for instance—than in many a ten-page proletarian poem striving hard to be class conscious. And the terrible burning intensity of her four simple lines about child labor have made a place for themselves everywhere in the world.

All these creative ideas and great nourishing enthusiasms grew up strong and vital out of the quietest and most uneventful of backgrounds. The utter monotony of a great deal of her life would reduce most women, with their too-personal relation to the world, to sour stagnating boredom. A quiet childhood in one of the quietest of Vermont villages, with two conventional-minded maiden aunts; one single year as a special student in a woman's college; one or two ventures to New York doing modest social-service work or teaching in a tiny labor-union school; a winter or two in Florida with relatives; a steady round of housework and minute tiresome details, lived out in the same surroundings and with the same people—to see what a richly creative spirit can make out of such material is to have a new insight into the art of living. Every moment of those placid days was intensely lived: the childhood a golden one of first intimations of beauty, first divination of other people's needs and feelings; the winters in the South, revelations of misery in jails and cotton mills; her short amateur social-service and labor work, a thrilling experience in communal and comradely living. Her spiritual life is too deeply rooted in greatness to depend in the least on outer circumstance. She can, quite literally, as is proved by one of the finest of her poems, be enfolded with mystical joy while washing out the garbage pails.

Of course the unique quality in Miss Cleghorn's character is that she can communicate her feeling to others. She is not one of the inarticulate saints, blinded and struck dumb in the presence of spiritual glory. She is a very gifted writer, whether her subject is early Manchester life with its old-time festivals, its pungent, vigorously living men and women—from the fiery little postmaster, "every half-inch a man," to Mrs. Miner, "a whole Roman forum of patriotism,"—or the bedtime talk of New York East Side children in a labor-union school.

Her reminiscences of pre-war socialism include anecdotes of Anna Rochester, Emily Balch, Eugene Debs, Norman Thomas at the luncheons of the *World Tomorrow,* mentions of short-lived societies and publications, forgotten enthusiasms for this or that political plank—all the tentative, dogged, inspiring reachings toward social justice which it is heartening, in the midst of the present struggle, to have recalled to us. There are unforgettable pictures of her own contact with injustice, like the description of the Socialist peace parade, or the story, monumental in its simplicity and bareness, of the condemned Negro, Jim Denson. And there are sunny pictures of the lives of children. Throughout the book we come upon unexpected, poetically daring phrases like "to doom and darken children's eyes," "intolerable shuddering chances," "the life of the growing grasses around me mingle sweetly with my life," "standing like lions against war, with dumb passionate crowds of workers crouching behind them." They startle us awake and, like her poetry, give a new richness to experience. It is a good life to share, a selfless, deep-hearted life, sustained by greatness and beauty. We are fortunate that she lets us into it, lets us stand beside her as at sixty she faces the future of the world with undismayed hope. DOROTHY CANFIELD.

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A Saga of Rubber

RUBBER: A STORY OF GLORY AND GREED, *by Howard and Ralph Wolf. Covici, Friede.* $4.25.

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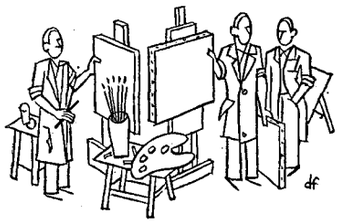

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East Indies lacks impressiveness. High death rates from malaria, extremely low wages, much uncertainty of employment, together with survivals of indentured labor might seem, in this tale, to be of negligible importance. Ford's up-to-date regimentation of plantation workers on his Amazon lands is shown as obviously irksome, and yet it is implied that the Brazilian's preference for a life free of speed-up and sanitary company villages is a bit primitive and inferior.

Ford and Firestone, with their still unproductive plantations in Brazil and Liberia, are not the only rubber-consuming magnates who have gone into the production of raw rubber. United States Rubber Co. has been in the Orient ever since large-scale plantations began some thirty years ago to displace wild rubber, and has, in Sumatra, the world's largest rubber plantation. The (British) Dunlop Tyre & Rubber Co., Ltd., runs a close second. Michelin, the French tire company, has plantations in French Indo-China. Very interesting is the picture of the rubber East: large estates chiefly owned by white capitalists, but also by Chinese, Indians, Japanese, Malays, and other Asiatics. And alongside, scattered small holdings (chiefly Malay and Chinese) making up some forty percent of the total cultivated rubber acreage.

Perhaps the most important contribution of the authors is their account of synthetic rubber. In the United States this is already in commercial production as "duprene" by a du Pont subsidiary which took over the formula of Father Nieuwland. In Great Britain, Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., is producing it under license from du Pont. In Germany, I. G. Farbenindustrie from its own independent formula is making synthetic tires for the Nazi army. The Soviet Union is producing "sovprene."

Synthetic rubber, according to the Messrs. Wolf, is actually superior to nature's product for many uses. As yet much more costly to produce than colonial plantation rubber, duprene has not yet been used commercially in this country for auto tires, the mainstay of the large American rubber companies. But unquestionably synthetic rubber introduces new uncertainties and will bear the closest watching. It raises a new inner conflict within the du Pont interests—one of those characteristic conflicts which disturb the progress of capitalist monopoly. For the du Pont interests control U. S. Rubber and have important indirect links (overlooked by the Messrs. Wolf) with the British Dunlop concern. Will they push for improvement and cheapening of duprene and the widening of its use? If they succeed in making it a price competitor of natural rubber and enter mass production, they will have to write off their large plantation properties, for a cheap synthetic would undermine the whole rubber economy of southeastern Asia. Or will such improvements in the synthetic product be deliberately delayed or withheld?

Either way, duprene has arrived and will for the first time make the United States

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independent of imported raw rubber in case of war, according to Messrs. Wolf. And, we may add, it thereby increases enormously the already great importance of the du Pont companies as a source of war materials.

Interesting also is the unified chronicle of rubber within the United States, combining the story of technical development and industrial uses with the rise of the leading companies and the course of the rubber market. Inventors, captains of industry, bankers, politicians pass through the pages with an unusual richness of detail.

It is encyclopedic journalism, with masses of facts excellently well ordered. A good tale of the passing scene, but attempting no interpretation. Its general tone expresses a cheerfully witty disillusionment with capitalism and all its works. But at the same time the authors let slip phrases which suggest a sense of white superiority. They speak of "niggers," of "all the lousy Orient," and of the Chinese workers as "less popular than the Madras clods." It is also unfortunate that five hundred pages so rich in valuable material are presented without an index.

ANNA ROCHESTER.

Half-Ways Out

THIS WAY OUT, *by Henry Pratt Fairchild. Harper & Bros.* $1.
HALF WAY WITH ROOSEVELT, *by Ernest K. Lindley. Viking Press.* $2.75.
I'M FOR ROOSEVELT, *by Joseph P. Kennedy. Reynal & Hitchcock.* $1.

POSSIBLY the People's League for Economic Security will take offense at having one of its publications, calling for Production for Use, lumped in a review with a book like Mr. Lindley's and, even worse, with Mr. Kennedy's capitalist contribution to President Roosevelt's campaign. Mr. Kennedy's plea is interesting but hardly important. But the League has some answering to do to Mr. Lindley; and until then, apologies for the juxtaposition might all go to Mr. Lindley.

Professor Fairchild's propaganda reaches out ambitiously for a large audience. Indeed, he assumes a bulk of readers with the average mental age of a policeman's and then proceeds, in a hesitant, puckered style, to feed it chapter after chapter of monosyllabic economic abracadabra. He says capitalism won't work; argues that Communism is unnecessary; syllogizes against class struggles; anticipates them with a series of legalistic reformist panaceas; then invites all and sundry disillusioned into that twilight between hate of capitalism and anti-class-consciousness where fascists build their bonfires of all reformist logic.

Mr. Lindley's book is *not* an election campaign pot-boiler. It is a serious effort—and an extraordinarily shrewd and competent one—to estimate the degree to which President Roosevelt succeeded in staving off the collapse of the capitalist system in the United States. And what Mr. Fairchild either fearfully ignores or lacks political experience to see, Mr. Lindley finds staring him and the country in the face—the threat of a gang of big business men taking over control of the government and destroying what remains of political and economic freedom. So Mr. Lindley stands, albeit bitterly and with obvious misgivings, behind President Roosevelt. He does not like, because he does not understand, socialism. But he wants some democracy with his capitalism and he has a few uncomfortable insights into the anatomy of finance-capital. What Fairchild wishes into non-existence—the class struggle in the United States—Lindley sees as an ever-growing reality.

As a consequence, what Fairchild *tells* us about capitalism as painlessly as possible, Lindley *shows* us with a wealth of incriminating detail that implicates President Roosevelt and hence, also, himself. His complaints against the President are that he did not straddle competently enough when straddling was his job. He accuses Roosevelt of failing to tame and then balance a profit-system that for the "socialist" Fairchild does not, theoretically, exist. The latter even lumps into one class, by some very curious analogies, those very "opposing economic groups" Lindley sees as Roosevelt's Scylla and Charybdis. The finance-capitalist, the absentee-owner, whom Fairchild would have the worker recognize because of the risk he assumes, is the black beast of Lindley's precarious bourgeois democracy. Economic change, Mr. Fairchild tells the people of the United States, need not involve political change; but the knowing Mr. Lindley cries out that the devil of it all is that neither he nor Mr. Roosevelt can solve just that problem—how to keep the economy laboring under their feet from delivering its inevitable political child.

What Mr. Lindley finds wanting in Roosevelt is a sturdy liberalism. Roosevelt's failings "have been on the side of timidity." The N.R.A. was a blunder into which Roosevelt was stampeded by Big Business. Roosevelt's hands fell limp when he had the opportunity to reorganize the country's banking system in 1933; he played possum with the country's taxation problems; he hedged and then backed down on his promises to launch a liberal housing project, and remained supine when the Supreme Court cracked its whip.

Though one might agree with most of Mr. Lindley's adverse criticism of Roosevelt as well as with a number of his favorable estimates (he lists seventeen items of liberal legislation to Roosevelt's credit), one can't help but smile at some of the psychologizing he falls for in searching out the weaknesses of our liberal capitalist president; or at some of the uneasy conservative compromises his liberal prejudices force him into against his own forthright perceptions. Mr. Lindley can't bring himself to tell us what the President could have done about the rope the Supreme Court pulled about his gentlemanly larynx. Roosevelt simply shut up. Lindley ruefully accepts that silence. And though that silence of Mr. Lindley's might be less dangerous than the legalistic mongering of the unhappy "so-

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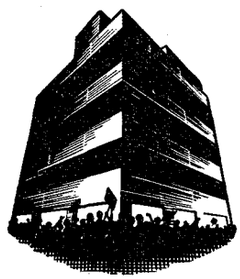

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cialist" Fairchild, it betrays Lindley's limitations as an observer and a political journalist

Perhaps Mr. Lindley does not realize how disillusioned he seems with capitalism, because he has not permitted himself to direct his fine intelligence to the solutions communism offers? It is necessary to remark that *Soviet Communism* by Beatrice and Sidney Webb is not only a scientific work of the highest order: it is also documentary proof that there is only one way Mr. Lindley's problem will be solved anywhere by anybody valuing democracy. E. C. DEAN.

Professor Ross's Story

SEVENTY YEARS OF IT: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, *by Edward Alsworth Ross. D. Appleton-Century Co. $3.*

PROFESSOR ROSS may be characterized as an academic early Lincoln Steffens—not in personality, for in this respect they were poles apart—but as a dauntless critic of big business and of the consequences of its rule. Yet whereas Steffens before his death came to see a revolutionary way out, Ross remains today a muckraking liberal.

His autobiography reveals a rugged personality, of a piece with his giant physical frame. Researches carried him to the storm centers of the world, to Russia, Japan, China, India, Mexico, Africa, not to speak of various countries of Europe. He associated intimately with the most eminent men in political, industrial, and academic life at home and abroad. But in attitude and sympathy he continues to be a Midwest farmer. He eloquently proclaims his fealty: "As I hobnob with the ruling privileged classes in various parts of the world I never come to feel that I have share or lot with them. I don't *belong* nor do I *wish* to belong. My place is with the masses that draw the furrow, slop the hogs, fell the trees, or smooth the planks; that I happen to earn my living teaching and writing does not make them any the less *my* folks."

Among the best parts of his autobiography are those pages which reveal why it is imperative for a teacher to identify himself with the masses of country and city if he is interested in the cause of truth. The story of Professor Ross's ousting from Leland Stanford University because his utterances on Chinese immigration and bimetallism antagonized railroad magnates and the widow of the founder of the university, is a stirring chronicle. The accounts given of the manner in which he has been constantly harassed by reactionary forces in Wisconsin is *must* reading, particularly for those who still wonder why universities are largely academic mortuaries. All forms of social pressure have been used against him. Here is an internationally known scholar of old American stock of Scotch descent, not a revolutionist, but merely outspoken in his denunciation of corruption and exploitation by the mighty and their agents. Yet attacks upon him by the Hearst press and the Chicago *Tribune* have been relentless. But his defiance

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is lusty, and inspiring to teachers comparably beset by Red-baiters.

Coercion could not prevent him from speaking out on the Soviet Union, which he saw at first hand in different periods and which he characterizes as affording "peeps into Utopia." His service to the Bolsheviks was great through his book *The Russian Soviet Republic.* In a famous chapter entitled "The Poison Gas Attacks," he exposed forty-nine lies about the Russian Revolution, current in the United States, among them the smut on the communization of women. And when he revisited Russia in July 1934, he was enthusiastic over the absence of a "pampered gentry with a spare tire about the middle," over the care given to children, over the alertness of Communist youth who "possess uncanny insight into anti-social situations which *we* have been taught to tolerate." He chuckles with delight over the use of the mansions of the czar and the nobility for rest homes for Soviet workers—"the neverworks chased away after centuries of crass parasitism and the despoiled occupying their palaces." "For the first time in the life of humanity you have plain overalled workers in the role of public heroes," he writes of the *udarniki,* who proved the error of his earlier support of the orthodox economists' contention that under socialism production would slow down fatally through lack of personal initiative.

He had rare perspectives with which he might evaluate developments in the Soviet Union. For he had seen the functioning of imperialism and the plight of the masses in the Orient, in South America, in Portuguese Africa, in South Africa, and in India. His descriptions in his original works of the gruesome conditions prevailing in these areas, and as reviewed in the chapters of this book, are vigorous indictments of the crimes of what he prefers to call the "business-control System." Moreover, his *Sin and Society,* which was published in 1907 as a blistering broadside against the rulers of America, contained such strong passages as, "Today the villain most in need of curbing is the respectable, exemplary, trusted personage who, strategically placed at the focus of a spider-web of fiduciary relations, is able from his office chair to pick a thousand pockets, poison a thousand sick, pollute a thousand minds or imperil a thousand lives." But the weakness of *Sin and Society* lay in what Ross's friend, President Theodore Roosevelt, hailed in its preface, as its strength—the rejection of the principle of the class struggle. And Ross is still content with the muckraking approach of the first ten years of the present century, for he here declares that he would not alter a comma of the book.

He is not so unyielding in other respects, for he retracts many of his earlier views. Although he still defends his achievement in putting over the present restricted quota laws, he admits that he was too alarmist as to American and west European population trends. He declares that "Difference of race means far less to me than it once did. Far

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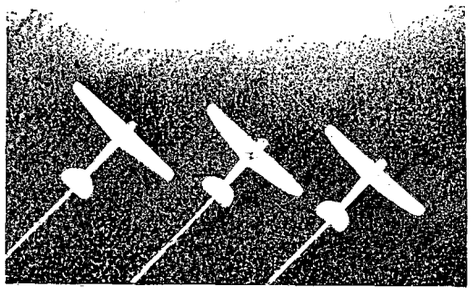

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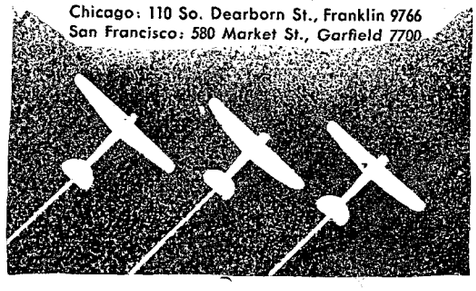

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behind me in a ditch lies the Nordic myth," and generously acknowledges his basic error when he states: "I blush to confess that nearly two-thirds of my life had passed before I awoke to the fallacy of rating peoples according to grades of culture. I had assumed that if a people cleaves to its low culture that is about all it is fit for. Slowly I came to see that many factors beside disparity of natural endowment explain why *this* people has a high culture and *that* people has a low culture." If these wiser judgments had been arrived at sooner, much of the thunder of his anti-immigration drive might have been stilled. Ross likewise penitently acknowledges the error of affixing his signature to the shameful petition of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin attacking the war record of the elder La Follette, and he denounces war as mass slaughter.

In failing to acknowledge the verity of Marxian social philosophy, Ross falls short of carrying to their ultimate conclusion the lessons of the major part of his life's work. In pairing communism and fascism as equal objects of his distaste, and contending vaguely that "the clear advance we have registered over certain other societies and over our own past demonstrates that it is possible to progress without making the Great Change—from *private* capitalism to *public* capitalism—which the Marxians insist, is the *only* thing that will count," he lags behind his own evidence. The struggle for power he proposes is "to strengthen our public educational system, promote adult education, make 'academic freedom' a reality, multiply labor unions, cooperatives and credit unions, build a 'labor press,' and fight along the familiar lines of the platform, the hustings, and the ballot-box." These are to him not only immediate tactics; he envisages no drastic change in the social structure, for he has no quarrel "with private economic enterprise in a competitive field which respects its obligations to its workers and its customers." His battle has been one against the abuses within capitalism, against "this monstrous business-control System which has boosted 'profits' and 'returns to capital' far beyond what is necessary for activating production, while consumers, workers and unorganized producers (farmers) are gouged and gypped in a great variety of ways."

These strictures against the limitations of his social philosophy are not meant to minimize his courage. Let sociologists mark well his mordant comment: "I wouldn't give a snap of my finger for the 'pussyfooting' sociologist. His sneering at 'reformism' and condemning 'value judgments' may not be altogether due to zeal for the 'purity' of our science; to me they suggest a 'rationalization' of 'ducking'." Ross did not duck but fought for the principles of democracy with a zest and integrity that merit acclaim. And this surging autobiography, naïve, rough in its literary form, and over-punctuated with exclamation-points, gives a genuine picture of the man and his milieu.

BERNHARD J. STERN.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Dodsworth in Hollywood—"La Kermesse Héroique" and a fine labor short

DODSWORTH, the movie, does everything it sets out to. Sidney Howard's adaptation is superior to the Sinclair Lewis novel and Walter Huston achieves all the emotion that could possibly be drawn from the botched character of the book. Axiomatically, there would have to be a quota of balmy Southern California touches. The script has Mary Astor living in a Naples villa to save money, but at the same time she is shown wearing two-hundred-dollar gowns and a mink wrap with H. Jaeckel & Sons oozing from every skin. When Dodsworth sells his great automobile plant an overalled worker in the yard says, "Sorry to see you go, Sam." But the scenes click off in a sequence that has the logic of its own premises; and these premises are as shallow as Lewis's book.

That thesis was valid in Norway at the time and under the conditions Knut Hamsun worked it out in *Shallow Soil.* In a contemporary American setting it is a pretty and spurious anachronism. Sam Dodsworth is the familiar Sinclair Lewis business man. He might not be much of a hand at explaining old cathedrals and he might not know the difference between a demi-tasse and a demi-monde and when it comes to Vatsyayana's erotic theories, why he jist don't know from nothing, but, by gum, he stands for good plumbing, concrete roads, and free wheeling. Dodsworth spells progress. Dodsworth has got to be on the go. A Dodsworth out of harness isn't worth a plugged dime.

And that, according to Sinclair Lewis, is the tragedy of Sam Dodsworth. His wife has dragged him off to Europe, he's out of harness, he hasn't a thing to do. Fortunately, you can't down a good man and he hits on a new project, an airway between Seattle and Moscow, so the tragedy is not really a tragedy, but a triumph of individual initiative. Here is where Dodsworth is fundamentally vitiated as a contemporary symbol.

It would be silly to explain that Sam Dodsworth is not meant to be any such thing, because his most significant characteristics recur throughout Lewis's writings.

The essential tragedy of a real Dodsworth would lie in the fact that he is a gifted man, full of decent, fruitful, creative impulses which are repeatedly checked by his job and its implications. A real Dodsworth no longer symbolizes progress in any important sense. Automobile manufacturers no longer manufacture "the best possible car at the price." They consciously make cars that won't last too long, they wilfully buy up inventions to keep them out of circulation; their big job now is to break unions. This would be part of the essential tragedy in the life of decent Sam Dodsworth. And those philistine streaks about which Lewis and Sam Goldwyn are so complacent could be made to intensify this tragedy.

Robert Joyce

Would it be too much for a hard-headed business man to realize that a Seattle-Moscow airway is at best chimerical in the present international setup? If that's the most hopeful notion Sam could hit on, Progress must be in a hell of a shape. That airway would not resolve the difficulties even of the Lewis-Goldwyn Dodsworth. Mary Astor is their only solution. Because the movie fails to face the problems of a real Dodsworth, its overwhelming emphasis is of necessity placed on his marital tangles and that is what makes it tangential and unimportant. All the actors do good jobs, the photography is adequate and if you're in the mood for a picture, see this one in preference to *The Texas Rangers* and *The General Died at Dawn.* In New York the Rivoli is being picketed, so New Yorkers may have to wait. EDWARD NEWHOUSE.

BRILLIANT satire on the screen is a very rare occurrence. There are only a very few films that fall into this category: René Clair's *The Italian Straw Hat (The Horse Ate the Hat),* Pabst's *Dreigroschenoper,* Boris Barnet's *The Patriots,* Chaplin's *Lady of Paris* and *Modern Times,* some of the early work of Lubitsch, and Jacques Feyder's *Les Nouveaux Messieurs.* And now Feyder, the Belgian who failed in Hollywood (remember *The Kiss* with Garbo and Gilbert?) has made an extraordinary film satire that is brilliant, witty, lusty, and human: *La Kermesse Héroique,* which opened New York's newest film house, the Filmarte.

As in every good film of its type, the plot is simple. The quality is achieved through the characterizations and the production. Feyder has gone back to early seventeenth-century Flanders, during the invasion of Philip of Spain. Preparations for the annual carnival in the provincial town of Boom are interrupted by a messenger of a Spanish duke giving notice of his impending arrival with the troops. The timid burgomaster and his aldermen, fearing plunder, rape, and murder, pretend the death of the burgomaster, trusting that the Spaniard's respect for a village in mourning will make him seek other shelter. But their wives take matters into their own hands. The burgomaster's wife (beautifully played by director Feyder's wife, Francoise Rosay) organizes the women of the town to give the Spaniards such a welcome as will save Boom from fire and sword—and which pretty well erases the "iv" from "carnival."

Every scene—especially the long shots containing an enormous amount of detail—is handled with precision and finesse. Feyder has caught the essence of that period of the Renaissance. Many of the scenes are reminiscent of a Peter Breughel canvas in more ways than one. It would be difficult to underestimate the quality of the director's work.

This initial program at the Filmarte was further distinguished by the presentation of America's first professional labor sound film, *Millions of Us.* It is the first offering of a group of film workers in Hollywood under the name of American Labor Films, Inc. It is equally significant that this militant plea for organized labor should come from people in an industry that has contributed so much to anti-labor propaganda. In two reels it tells the story of an unemployed young man who is prevented from becoming a scab by a union organizer. From a mechanical point of view the film has the best Hollywood can offer. The main defects lie in the direction and the scenario. But those are minor faults at this time . . . for it states its message clearly, simply, and with eloquence. The film contains the famous quotation from Lincoln on the revolutionary right of Americans to overthrow the government when it no longer serves them. And it is amazing to hear Lincoln hissed and booed by some in the audience. The censors wanted to ban the film because of the Lincoln quotation. But when they learned that it was from the first inaugural address (those distinguished censors of ours, under the guidance of the University of the State of New York, had to be told) they were compelled to give *Millions of Us* a free passport. It is a film that deserves the fullest support. Only audience response will insure the continuance of such films. The management early this week, however, apparently in response to pressure from enemies of labor, decided to cut this picture from the program. But the hisses that the silk-stocking crowd gave Lincoln in the first few days were nothing to the applause of the later audiences. Insistent demands from potential audiences should be able to put it back on view. PETER ELLIS.

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Beethoven. Egon Petri's American recording debut in the C minor sonata, Opus 3, proves a notable success, including the authentic reproduction of piano tone (Columbia Masterworks Album 263).

Brahms. The Pro Arte Quartet, plus Anthony Pini as second 'cello and Hobday playing the bass, in a distinguished performance of the rarely heard sextet for strings (Victor Masterpiece Album 296).

Bach. A sound interpretation of the Twelve Small Preludes, arranged for harpsichord, by that outstanding practitioner, Yella Pessl (Columbia 170634).

The Radio

(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups. Readers are asked to report at once any anti-working-class bias expressed by any of these artists or their sponsors.)

FORTHCOMING BROADCASTS

Norman Thomas, Thurs., Oct. 1, 10:45 p.m., Columbia.

Earl Browder, Fri., Oct. 2, 10:45 p.m., N.B.C.

Sherwood Anderson and Amelia Earhart, Fri., Oct. 2, 3 p.m., Columbia.

Notre Dame vs. Carnegie Tech, Ted Husing at the mike, Sat., Oct. 3, abor 3:30 p.m., Columbia.

Raymond L. Buell, Foreig. Policy Assn., speaking from Geneva, Sun., Oct. 1:30 p.m., Columbia.

John Erskine on "The Lively Arts," Sun., Oct. 4, 10:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Dr. J. P. Warbasse, president of the Coöperative League, Thurs., Oct. 8, 3:30 p.m., Columbia.

Theater Collective. A series of four special weekly programs sponsored by the International Workers Order, supplemented by the I.W.O. symphony and mandolin orchestras. Thursdays, Oct. 1, 8, 15, 22; WMCA, N.Y., 9:45 p.m.; WCFL, Chicago, 8:30 p.m.; WIP, Philadelphia, 9:30 p.m.; KQV, Pittsburgh, 9:15 p.m. Fridays, Oct. 2, 9, 16, 23; WJBK, Detroit, 9 p.m.; WHK, Cleveland, 10:30 p.m.

REGULAR FEATURES

Seattle Symphony Orchestra, with Cameron conducting, Thursdays at 8 p.m., Columbia.

Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Barlow conducting. Sundays at 3 p.m., Columbia.

Bruna Castagna. Saturdays at 9 p.m., Columbia.

Fred Astaire and Johnny Green's Orchestra. Tuesdays at 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Rudy Vallée's Varieties. Thursdays at 8 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Waring's Pennsylvanians, Fridays at 9 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Burns and Allen. Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m., Columbia.

Willie and Eugene Howard. Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

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The Theater

THUMBS UP

Boy Meets Girl (Cort, N. Y.). Sam and Bella Spewack write about the Hollywood cuckoos.

Dead End (Belasco, N. Y.). New York's slum kids realistically treated by Sidney Kingsley.

Gilbert & Sullivan (Martin Beck, N. Y.). The Rupert D'Oyly Carte company in superlative production of the Savoy operettas. *Pinafore,* which will continue through Saturday, Oct. 3, will be followed by a week's run of *Patience.*

Horse Eats Hat (Maxine Elliott, N. Y.). The Federal Theater Project adapts the French farce you may have seen as the René Clair film *The Horse Ate the Hat.* Hair-raising hilarity.

Idiot's Delight (Shubert, N. Y.). Robert Sherwood's anti-war comedy, with Lunt and Fontanne.

Injunction Granted! (Biltmore, N. Y.). The Living Newspaper W.P.A. project in an episodic history of American labor struggles.

On Your Toes (Imperial, N. Y.). Rodgers and Hart songs, plus Ray Bolger and Tamara Geva.

The Path of Flowers (Daly's N. Y.). Valentine Katayev's Soviet social satire in an amusing production by the W.P.A. Experimental Theater.

FAIR AND COOLER

So Proudly We Hail (46th Street Theater, N. Y.). A bitter anti-military training, anti-war, anti-fascist play by Joseph Viertel, who knows what he's talking about.

The Screen

WORTH SEEING

My Man Godfrey. William Powell and Carole Lombard in a slick amusing picture.

Dodsworth. Sinclair Lewis's story pretty well done. Reviewed in this issue.

La Kermesse Héroique (Filmarte, 202 W. 58, N. Y.). This film won the Grand Prix du Cinema in France and is funny besides. A swell labor short, *Millions of Us,* opened on the same program. Reviewed in this issue.

Sing Baby Sing. Those vaudevillians, the Ritz brothers, make this one of the funniest films in months.

The General Died at Dawn. Clifford Odets's first screen play, with Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll.

Der Kampf. A new Amkino offering at the Cameo, N. Y., picturing Dimitrov's trial by the Nazis, with Dimitrov and Henri Barbusse as themselves.

Swing Time. Dancing by You Know Who and comedy by Helen Broderick and Victor Moore save a dull story.

Romeo and Juliet. Shakespeare again turns out to to be a great playwright.

The Great Ziegfeld. Full of a variety of things that make it worth while.

La Maternelle (55th Street Playhouse, N. Y.). A revival of the fine French film of the child-mother relationship.

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(from the index of "Imperial Hearst")

HEARST, WILLIAM RANDOLPH, background, schooling; expelled from St. Paul's; expelled from Harvard; joins staff of New York *World;* acquires San Francisco *Examiner;* buys talent; tries to bring Democratic convention of '88 to San Francisco; charged with employing Chinese labor; absents himself in Egypt during Southern Pacific scandal; excoriated by San Francisco *Call;* political influence in San Francisco after 1901; supports Ruef-Schmitz regime; political alliances; turns against union labor; prosecution of McNamara brothers; leads attack on union labor over the country; purchases New York *Journal;* takes staff from Pulitzer; adopts "yellow journalism"; sells out to public utilities; role in Spanish-American War; greets Evangeline Cisneros, "the girl martyr"; arrives in Cuba; plans to sink a vessel in Mediterranean; espouses cause of Bryan; tries to secure Vice-Presidency; foreign policy; tie-ups with German brewers; anti-British bias; opposition to Hay-Pauncefote Treaty; political prospects (1901); assailed after McKinley assassination; charged with being "un-American"; elected to Congress; marriage; change wrought by election explosion; activities in Congress; called Socialistic; aspires to Presidency; favorable publicity in rival press; loses bid for Presidential nomination; asks Charles F. Murphy for Mayoralty; campaigns on street-corners; cheated of Mayoralty by Tammany; Murphy and the Gubernatorial nomination; fights Pure Food and Drug Act; attacked by *Collier's;* makes pretense of suing; nominated for Governor; gets favorable notices again; fakes union labor endorsements; motives for wanting Governorship; charged with tax evasion by Hughes; denounced by Elihu Root; loses Governorship to Hughes; defeated for Mayoralty; attack on Mayor Gaynor; theft of Gaynor-Murphy letters; theft of Standard Oil letters; called before U. S. Senate; defeats Canadian tariff agreement; in Chicago; challenges Chicago *Tribune's* lucrative lease-hold; power over Chicago mayors; tie-ups with Annenbergs; loans from A. F. of L. bank; responsibility for conditions at Cerro de Pasco; responsibility for conditions at Homestake; exploitation of labor in California; transfers stock ownership from M-G-M to Warner; enjoined from stealing AP news; orders editorial attack on Wilson; opposes war policies of Wilson; his downfall predicted; supports Socialists in New York and Milwaukee; prints pacifist editorials; discussed in Senate investigation into German-American activities; German intrigue in U. S.; friend of Bolsheviks; opposes U. S. entry in League of Nations; adopts anti-Soviet policy; begins real estate operations under Hylan; abortive attempt at Gubernatorial nomination (1918); feud with Al Smith; rebuffed in second try for governorship; record in Teapot Dome scandal; defends Harry M. Dougherty; supports Hopson and Associated Gas; buys control of Kansas public utility corporation; another try for Presidency; tax rebates under Mellon regime; attacks Hoover on pro-English bias; deported from France; supports Garner for President (1932); contacts in Roosevelt Administration; connections with Committee for the Nation and Father Coughlin; opposes Tugwell Bill; accepts forged Mexican documents for publication; early interest in motion pictures; participant in race track racket; responsible for Lindbergh leaving U. S.; corporate structure of his enterprises; endorses Hitler regime; raises "red scare" in San Francisco general strike; attacks "intellectuals"; sells news services to Nazis; begins campaign against U.S.S.R.; ties up with opposition to Franklin D. Roosevelt; uses Socialist "Old Guard" against Soviet Union; inspires military units in Hollywood.

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